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The Mercury.

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Established June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-third year, it is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments, reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, resolutions were unanimously adopted extending invitations to Marshal Foch and General Diaz to visit Newport before their return to their homes. Bids were opened for the purchase of the bonds for the new school buildings, $150,000 for the Rogers and $50,000 for the Sheffield School, and the price obtained was regarded as very satisfactory, the bonds being allotted to Merrill, Oldham & Co., of Boston, at 99.36.

There was a large amount of business transacted and the session was quite a long one. The committee on graves in the City cemetery, consisting of Aldermen Thompson and Hanley, recommended that a certain portion of the cemetery be sub-divided into single graves and that these single lots be sold at a price of fifteen dollars. The recommendation was adopted.

The committee on Gas reported a proposition from the Newport Gas Light Company to make a slight reduction in the price on December 1, and the committee was continued to look into the matter further. Two property owners who thought that they had been overtaxed appeared before the board, but were informed that the aldermen could do nothing for them. A large amount of routine business was disposed of.

A mysterious fire in a vacant house at Mary and Division streets called the department in response to an alarm from box 34 last Saturday evening. A mattress in the Corrigan house, which had stood empty for several months, was found to be blazing merrily and sending off a lot of smoke. When the mattress was thrown out of the window the fire was over. But the police would like to know who had been in the house.

The 25th anniversary celebration at St. George's School last Saturday and Sunday was a complete success, many of the older graduates returning to renew their associations and to see the progress that the school has made since their day. Much enthusiasm was manifested and the administration of Headmaster Stephen P. Cabot was universally commended.

There was a heavy white frost over everything Thursday morning, although the temperature was not quite as low as on the preceding morning. On Wednesday thermometers indicated temperatures only slightly above 32, and out in the country there was quite a heavy freeze during the night.

Three Newport men were arrested by the Bristol police a few days ago following a lively battle in a restaurant in that town, in which the proprietor came off second best. The Newport men were charged with drunkenness and paid their fines. But it must have been some scrap while it lasted.

The Providence Journal of Thursday morning contained an excellent picture of Rev. John Howard Deming of this city, in a group of Episcopal clergymen who have been attending the sessions of the Synod in that city.

Next Monday will be Hallowe'en and it will be well to look to the security of gates and other movable objects. A number of entertainments are planned for the day.

ARMISTICE DAY PROGRAMME

Armistice Day, Friday, November 11, will be observed as a general holiday in Newport, and there will be an interesting programme arranged in memory of the men who served in the Great War. A meeting of the general committee, made up of the representatives of the various veteran organizations of the city, was held on Wednesday evening, when a general outline of the day's programme was adopted. This will include a ritualistic memorial service in the Opera House at 11.00 o'clock, at which there will be distinguished speakers, among the number being Admiral Sims and Mayor Mahoney.

In the afternoon at 2.30 there will be a street parade, made up of details from the Army and Navy, the Veteran organizations, the Newport Artillery, the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts, and probably a number of civic organizations. The Government Stations here will cooperate to the fullest extent with the members of the committee, as the day is a legal holiday by proclamation of President Harding and Governor San Souci. While the number of men at the Forts and the Naval Stations has been greatly reduced, it is expected that the parade will be a very creditable one. Dr. Frank P. Gormley will be the Marshal of the parade, and will have on his Staff representatives of the various organizations in line. At 4.00 o'clock there will be a pleasing and unusual programme at the rooms of the Art Association, under the direction of a committee consisting of Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott and Mrs. Howard Spencer Graham.

There will be a very general closing of stores and places of business throughout the entire day. The floral decorations used in the Opera House services will later be placed on the roll of honor tablet on the City Hall lawn.

DENNIS-DWYER

The wedding of Miss Beatrice Dwyer, daughter of the late Nicholas E. Dwyer, and Mr. Reginald Dennis, son of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Dennis of Portsmouth, took place at St. Mary's Church on Monday morning and was attended by a large gathering of relatives and friends. Rev. Jeremiah W. Baggott officinted. The bridal gown was of white satin, with Chantilly lace and the bridal veil was caught up with orange blossoms. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Catherine A. Dwyer, and Ensign Joseph S. Nevins was the best man. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. James A. Dwyer.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis left on a wedding trip to the White Mountains, and will make their home in Portsmouth.

GOOD FOOD SUPPLIES

In the event of the railroad strike reaching Newport, the city seems to be well fortified for a siege of a considerable period, although there would of course be much inconvenience experienced. There is a good supply of foodstuffs in the city, both in the retail stores and in the wholesale establishments, while the branches of the big packing houses are also well supplied. This week a large quantity of supplies have been sent on from New York for the Government stations here.

The Savings Bank of Newport has an enviable standing among the Savings Banks of the State. A recent compilation shows that the local bank has the largest amount of money invested in real estate mortgages of any Savings Bank in Rhode Island, and that the total number of mortgages held by this bank is far in excess of that of its nearest competitor. This comparative showing does not include the trust companies, which are not classed as savings banks under the State law.

An appeal is being made by the Trustees of the Redwood Library to the people of Newport to raise a fund for endowment purposes, the aim being $100,000. Already a considerable portion of this amount has been pledged, but there is still a large amount to be raised before the goal is reached. This Library is of inestimable benefit to the people of Newport and it is hoped that they will respond to the opportunity to contribute to its permanent fund.

The pupils of the public schools have had a two days' vacation this week to allow the teachers to attend the sessions of the Rhode Island Institute of Instruction, which have been held in Providence.

Mr. John P. Peckham of the Newport Trust Company is spending a vacation with his brother in Stamford, Conn.

COMMITTEE OF 25

The first meeting of the committee of 25 of the representative council was held on Monday evening, the meeting being called to order by City Clerk Francis N. Fullerton. Mr. George W. Bacheller, Jr., was unanimously re-elected chairman and thanked the members for the honor, also calling attention to the necessity for the most rigid economy in city affairs. He announced the appointment of the sub-committees as follows:

Streets and Highways—Fletcher W. Lawton, chairman; George N. Buckhout, secretary; William P. Sheffield, Jr., Thomas F. Reagan, Edward A. Martin.

Schools and City Offices—T. I. Hare Powel, chairman; Benjamin F. Downing, 3d, secretary; George W. Bacheller, Jr., John J. Casey. Dr. Henry A. Martin.

Fire Department—Dr. Horace P. Beck, chairman; Walter Curry, secretary; P. H. Horgan, William H. Clarke, John J. Kelly.

Police Department—Moulton W. Friend, John H. Seannevin, A. B. Cascambas, William A. Maher, Eugene S. Hughes.

Hospitals and Health—Bruce Butterton, chairman; Dr. Norman M. MacLeod, secretary; Edward Ellis, J. Alton Barker, James J. Martin.

Mr. Thomas I. Hare Powel created somewhat of a sensation by asking to be excused from serving on the sub-committee on schools. He said that there was no necessity for such a committee under the present methods of the school committee. The school committee has decided that it has the right to go ahead and do as it pleases, regardless of any appropriations made by the representative council and Mr. Powel did not care to be placed in the ludicrous position of serving on the "rubber-stamping" committee. A number of the members urged Mr. Powel to stand, and he finally agreed to allow his name to be used temporarily.

It was decided to hold a public hearing next Tuesday evening, when the public would have an opportunity to express their opinions on various matters.

Mr. Alfred Simmons, for about twenty-one years engineer on the estate of Mr. Edward J. Berwind, died at his home on Webster street on Monday. He had not been in the best of health for some little time, but his death was very sudden and unexpected. He was fifty-four years of age and was born in England, but had lived in this country for many years. He was a member of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M., and of the Improved Order of Red Men, in Glenside, Pa. Funeral services were held on Thursday and the Masonic ritual was conducted by the officers of St. John's Lodge.

Work has been begun on the new residence for Mr. Moses Taylor on the grounds of Glen Farm in Portsmouth. This will be a handsome and expensive building and its construction will occupy many months. The late Henry A. C. Taylor was fond of his country place at Glen Farm and called that his legal residence, but was more devoted to the live stock and agricultural development of the farm than its adaptation to residence purposes. His son, Mr. Moses Taylor, proposes to have a splendid house there. Its development will mean considerable for the town of Portsmouth.

General Diaz, the distinguished commander of the Italian armies that won the notable victory on the Piave, who is now in Washington to attend the disarmament conference, may pay a visit to Newport before his return to Italy. He has received many invitations to come to Rhode Island, and it is regarded as quite possible that he may accept. If so, he will probably come here during the latter part of November.

As was announced in the Mercury some weeks ago, plans are being made to provide a new ferry boat for the Jamestown and Newport service, and at a special town meeting on November 5, a proposition will be laid before the taxpayers of the town.

Mrs. Forsythe Wickes has purchased from William F. Armstrong a large lot of land adjoining her property on Narragansett avenue, and will probably develop it considerably before the opening of another season.

The annual meeting of Aquidneck Chapter, No. 7, Order of the Eastern Star, will be held on next Tuesday evening. The business meeting will be preceded by a supper at 6.30 o'clock.

Former Governor Lucius F. C. Garvin is expected to address the Machinists' Union at an open meeting in this city on Sunday afternoon.

EDES BACK IN NEWPORT

David Edes of this city, who had been critically ill at a hospital in Buffalo for a considerable time, was brought back to his home in this city this week, arriving here Monday evening after a hard and trying trip. He is still in a serious condition, but it is believed that he will improve better at home rather than in a strange hospital. He was accompanied on the homeward journey by his aunt, Miss McNulty, who went to Buffalo to be with him. He has been suffering from blood poisoning as a result of injury to his hand while playing football.

A benefit entertainment was given for him at the Newport Opera House on Wednesday evening, and there was a big audience, assuring a substantial profit for the benefit of the injured youth.

25th ANNIVERSARY

The twenty-fifth anniversary of William Ellery Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, was observed on Thursday, when a reception and luncheon was held at the residence of Mrs. William W. Covell on Washington street. There was a large attendance of members of the Chapter and invited guests, among the latter being many distinguished members of the Order from outside the city.

A large reception was held, the receiving line including several former State Regents and officers of the national organization. Following the luncheon addresses were made, and the historian of the Chapter, Mrs. Edward A. rBown, read a history of the Chapter during the twenty-five years of its existence.

FRANCES MINTURN HALL

Miss Frances Mintura Hall, who died at the Newport Hospital Saturday, was a member of a well known Newport family, a daughter of the late David Priestly Hall. Her home was in New York, but she became seriously ill while visiting friends in this city, and had been at the hospital for many weeks. She was of a very lovable disposition and had a wide circle of friends, receiving many visitors during her long confinement to the hospital.

Miss Hall's brother, Mr. David Prescott Hall, married Florence Howe, daughter of the late Julia Ward Howe, who has occupied "Oakglen," the old Howe residence on Union street, for several seasons.

Five battleships and a number of destroyers, as well as some auxiliaries are expected to arrive in Newport harbor for a week's stay on Saturday morning. The battleships comprise the Arkansas, Wyoming, North Dakota, Delaware and Florida, which make up the Sixth Battleship Division under Admiral Hilary P. Jones. Their presence here at this time is for the purpose of refitting, to some extent, and also to allow the officers to attend a special course of lectures at the War College. They will be welcome.

An appeal has been entered against the action of the Probate Court of Bristol in admitting to probate the will of Colonel Samuel Pomeroy Colt. The petitioners allege that the testator was of unsound mind and was subjected to undue influence. Col. Colt was well known in Newport, and a number of Newporters are interested in the will case, as under the terms of the will a bequest was left to each employe of the Industrial Trust Company, which has a branch in Newport.

The work of plastering the walls of the third story of the Rogers High School addition is progressing rapidly and it is expected that that floor will be in use within a comparatively short time, thus relieving much of the congestion in the older building. It will be a great relief to Headmaster Thompson when he can move into the new building.

There is no question about dullness in Newport, and it will probably be worse before it gets better. Thames street seems very quiet for a large part of each day. And still there are new stores going up in various parts of the city.

The master barbers of the city held a meeting on Friday evening to discuss the matter of rates to be charged for hair-cuts and shaves. Business in this line is not as brisk as it was some time ago.

Rear Admiral William S. Sims has been somewhat indisposed and has been confined to his home for a few days.

Superintendent of Hacks Freeborn Coggeshall is spending his vacation in New Hampshire.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our regular correspondent)

Harvest Supper

The Ladies' Benevolent Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church held its annual harvest supper at the vestry of the church on Tuesday evening, with a good attendance. The supper consisted of cold roast ham, pressed corned beef, mashed potato, squash, turnip and onions, bread, rolls, pie, cake, tea and coffee. Mrs. Robert Doane sold supper tickets. The vestry was decorated with pink and white crepe paper and the tables were lighted with candles.

The ladies of St. Paul's Guild gave their annual harvest supper on Thursday evening. The proceeds will go to St. Mary's Orphanage.

Mr. Charles H. Dyer met with an accident recently. He was riding in an automobile with a friend when they collided with another machine. Mr. Dyer was thrown out and had two ribs broken and was cut about the head and badly shaken up. He was able to sit up a short while on Wednesday.

The Sunday School social of the Christian Church was held recently in the vestry with a good attendance. Games were played and refreshments, consisting of sandwiches, cake, ice cream and cocoa were served.

Miss Florence Rose, chief operator at the Portsmouth Telephone Exchange, is enjoying a week's vacation. Miss Irene Sewall is substituting for Miss Rose.

Mr. Minot A. Tucker and Mr. Basil Mathews gave a party at Willow Brook recently for about thirty young friends. Games were played and dancing was enjoyed. Refreshments were served.

Mrs. Almira Tallman celebrated her eighty-third birthday on Monday. She had as guests during the day her sister, Mrs. Josephine Brown, Mr. James K. Tallman, and Miss Estelle Cornell of Newport. In the evening she was given a surprise party by a number of neighbors and friends, who brought refreshments. Mrs. Tallman received a number of post cards and other gifts.

Rt. Rev. James DeWolf Perry, bishop of Rhode Island, officiated at St. Mary's Church on Sunday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Joel Word, who have been spending a week with Mrs. Word's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin F. C. Boyd, have returned to their home in Harrisville, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest C. Cross, who have spent the past week in North Conway, N. H., are now guests of Mrs. Cross's sister, Mrs. F. A. Lawton, in Westfield, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Anthony have returned to their home on West Main Road after spending their vacation on an automobile trip which included Westfield, Mass., where they were guests of Mrs. Anthony's nephew, Mr. Frederick A. Lawton. They also visited their son, Mr. Elliott Anthony, in Providence.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Wyatt gave a whist party at their home on Glen street on Tuesday evening. The players occupied eight tables and refreshments consisting of ice cream, cakes, lady fingers and macaroons, were served.

The regular meeting of Sarah Rebekah Lodge, No. 4, was held at Oakland Hall Wednesday evening with a good attendance. After the business meeting an entertainment of readings, music and games was given. Cake and coffee were served.

Mr. and Mrs. William N. A. Almy and family and Mrs. Almy's father, Mr. George A. Carter, are moving to Newport from Shady Lawn, Wapping Road.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Ashley have returned home from a week's vacation spent in Providence with friends.

The Eureka Club of Newport gave a dance at Oakland Hall on Monday evening. Music was furnished by Congdon's Banjo Band.

Mr. C. Woodman Chase, rural carrier on Route No. 1, was given a surprise post card shower recently in honor of his birthday. He also received other gifts. Mr. Chase has been employed as mail carrier for about 20 years.

Mrs. Francis P. Conway, with her son, Mr. Francis P. Conway, and her daughters, Misses Alice and Margaret, and two friends of Providence, have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Bishop.

Miss Mildred Bishop, who is employed at the Newport Auto Supply office, is enjoying her annual vacation in New York.

Mr. Henry Hedley and his granddaughter, Miss Marjorie Borden, have gone to South Norfolk, Va., to visit Mr. Hedley's son, Mr. H. Chester Hedley.

An auction was held at the farm of George A. Carter on Wapping Road on Thursday. Mr. William A. S. Cummings was auctioneer and farm stock and tools were sold.

Miss Kate L. Durfee has returned to her home after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Horace E. Remington, in Providence.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brown of Pomfret, Conn., have been guests of relatives here recently.

The Newport Convocation of the Protestant Episcopal Church will meet on Wednesday, November 2, at St. Paul's Church in this town. Rt. Rev. James DeWolf Perry, D. D., Bishop of Rhode Island, will preside over the meeting, which will be opened for business at 7 o'clock, after a supper which will be served n hour earlier. At 8 o'clock there will be addresses by Rev. John M. Hunter, who has made a study of the Diocesan Sunday School work, and by several other speakers.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Wheeler and Mr. and Mrs. Alfred C. Hall recently took an automobile trip over the Mohawk Trail.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Thomas and little daughter Bessie, and Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Fontaine and little son, Francis, have returned to their homes here after a ten days' automobile trip which included Northern New York and Niagara Falls.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

Republican Caucus Held

At the Republican caucus, Mr. Edward A. Brown was elected chairman of the caucus and Mr. Clifton B. Ward clerk.

There was no opposition to the nomination of the following persons:

Moderator—Lewis R. Manchester.

Town Clerk—Albert L. Chase.

Councilmen—Henry C. Sherman, John H. Spooner, Joseph A. Peckham, Alden P. Barker, and Charles S. Ritchie.

Justice of Peace—Elisha A. Peckham, Edward Petzka, Russell M. Peckham and J. Everett Kline.

Treasurer—Clifton B. Ward.

Sergeant—Thomas G. Ward.

Assessors of Taxes—Edward E. Peckham, Nathaniel L. Champlin, Howard R. Peckham, J. Willis Peckham and Arthur W. Chase.

Collector of Taxes—Fillmore Coggeshall.

School Committee—Mrs. Elisha A Peckham, Mrs. Clifton B. Ward, and Mr. C. Alvin Simmons, for a term of four years.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Peckham and their daughters, Misses Mabel and Margaret Peckham, and Mr. Peckham's sisters, Mrs. Benjamin W. H. Peckham and Miss Eliza M. Peckham, have returned to their homes here, after a visit with Mrs. J. A. Peckham's parent, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Farnum, of Peru, Vt.

Mr. Alfred Anthony of the Newport Paper & Grocery Co., is enjoying his annual vacation.

Mrs. William Thomas of Newport and Mrs. Arthur R. Anthony of this town have been spending a week in Rehoboth, Mass.

Mr. William J. Peckham and daughter, Miss Dorothy A. Peckham, of this town, accompanied by Mrs. Allen of Attleboro, are on their vacation in Maine, going by automobile.

A benefit dance will be given in the near future in the Middletown Town Hall. It will be for the benefit of the Middletown Free Library. Aquidneck Grange orchestra will furnish music for the dancing.

The Men's Community Club of St. Mary's and Holy Cross Parishes held a smoker in Holy Cross Guild House on Wednesday evening.

The Paradise Reading Club met on Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. John Nicholson. The meeting took the form of a Hallowe'en party.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smith and family, who have been residing on the South Charity Farm No. 1, have removed to Newport, where they will make their home with Mrs. Smith's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman H. Barker.

A box of fruit, vegetables and canned goods was sent to St. Elizabeth Home in Providence from the members of St. Columba's parish. This is a State institution for women with incurable diseases and is of the Episcopal churches of the diocese.

A Hallowe'en party will be given in the Holy Cross Guild House on October 31 for the young people of the parish.

It is reported that a strange animal has been seen on Lower Wapping Road and Third Beach Road, which is thought to be either a wild cat or a wolverine.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis B. Plummer have returned to the home of the bride with Mr. and Mrs. Howard R. Peckham, after a two weeks' honeymoon. Mr. and Mrs. Plummer will make their home there for the present.

Mr. and Mrs. Ashton C. Barker, Mrs. Alden P. Barker, Mr. Stephen Barker and Miss Doris Frye returned to their homes in this town on Monday evening, after an automobile trip over the Mohawk Trail and through the Adirondacks and Canada, returning by way of the White Mountains.

A large number of members of Aquidneck Grange went to Tiverton on Wednesday evening, where they attended Neighbors' Night at Nonquit Grange at the Tiverton Four Corners. About 4 went in a large truck, besides a number who went in their own autos.

A Portuguese family lost a large amount of clothes from the clothes line recently. The lines with the wet clothes were left out over night to dry, and in the morning only the clothes line and pins were to be found.

The Women's Home Missionary Society held its regular meeting on Wednesday afternoon at the church parlors. The meeting was in charge of Mrs. Isaac Peabody and the subject was "The Downing Home and Mather Academy," and was taken up by several readings: The Founding of the Downing Home, Mrs. Isaac Peabody; The Downing Home and Miss Russell, Mrs. A. A. Brown; Does it Pay? Mrs. Edward E. Peckham; Althea, Mrs. Fred P. Webber; A Southern Pioneer Story, Mrs. Walter Barker; Little Stories of the Work, Mrs. A. S. Muirhead; The Last Report of the Downing and Mather Homes, Mrs. Peabody.

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I. — Captain Phineas P. Scragge has grown up around the docks of San Francisco, and from mess boy on a river steamer, risen to the ownership of the steamer Maggie. Since each annual inspection promised to be the last of the old weatherbeaten vessel, Scragge naturally has some difficulty in securing a crew. When the story opens, Adelbert P. Gibney, likable but erratic, a man whom nobody but Scragge would hire, is the skipper, Nells Halvorsen, a solemn Swede, constitutes the fo'castle hands, and Bart McGuffey, a wastrel of the Gibney type, reigns in the engine room.

CHAPTER II.—With this motley crew and his ancient vessel, Captain Scragge is engaged in freighting garden truck from Halfmoon bay to San Francisco. The inevitable happens, the Maggie going ashore in a fog.

CHAPTER III.—A passing vessel hailing the wreck, Mr. Gibney gets word to a towing company in San Francisco that the ship ashore is the Yankee Prince, with promise of a rich salvage. Two tugs succeed in pulling the Maggie into deep water, and she slips her low lines and gets away in the fog.

CHAPTER IV.—Furious at the deception practised on them, Captains Hicks and Flaherty, commanding the two tugboats, ascertain the identity of the "Yankee Prince" and, fearing ridicule should the facts become known along the water front, determine on personal vengeance. Their hostile visit to the Maggie results in Captain Scragge promising to get a new boiler and make needed repairs to the steamer.

CHAPTER V.—Scragge refuses to fulfill his promises and Gibney and McGuffey "strike." With marvelous luck, Scragge ships a fresh crew. At the end of a few days of wild conviviality Gibney and McGuffey are stranded and seek their old positions on the Maggie. They are hostilely received, but remain. On their way to San Francisco they sight a derelict and Gibney and McGuffey swim to it.

CHAPTER VI.—The derelict proves to be the Chesapeake, richly laden, its entire crew stricken with scurvy. Scragge attempts to tow her in, but the Maggie is unequal to the task and Gibney and McGuffey, alone, sail the ship to San Francisco, their salvage money amounting to $1,000 apiece.

CHAPTER VII.—Independently rich, our two adventurers still have a kindly feeling for the Maggie, and, his crew having deserted him, Captain Scragge induces them to return. At an "old horse" sale the three purchase two mysterious boxes which they believe to contain smuggled "Oriental goods." They find, instead, two dead Chinamen.

CHAPTER VIII.—Scragge seeks to "double cross" his two associates, but Mr. Gibney outwits him and makes a satisfactory financial settlement with the Chinese company to whom the bodies have been consigned, leaving Scragge out in the cold.

CHAPTER IX.

Even after allowing for the expenditures on the engine weighing heavily on Captain Scraggs, that individual continued morose and more than ever inclined to be sarcastic. Mr. Gibney commented on the fact to Mr. McGuffey.

"He's troubled financially, Gib."

"Well, you know who troubled him, don't you, Bart?"

"I mean about the cost o' them repairs in the engine room. Unless he can come through in thirty days with the balance he owes, the boiler people are goin' to libel the Maggie to protect their claim."

Mr. Gibney arched his bushy eyebrows. "How do you know?" he demanded.

"He was a-tellin' me," Mr. McGuffey admitted weakly.

"Well, he wasn't a-tellin' me." Mr. Gibney's tones were ominous; he glared at his friend suspiciously as from the Maggie's cabin issued forth Scraggsy's voice raised in song.

"Hello! The old boy's thermometer's gone up, Bart. Listen at him. 'Ever o' thee he's fondly dreamin',' Somethin's busted the spell an' I'll bet a cooky it was ready cash." He

"Bart," He Demanded, "Did You Loan Scraggsy Some Money?"

menaced Mr. McGuffey with a rigid index finger. "Bart," he demanded, "did you loan Scraggsy some money?"

The honest McGuffey hung his head. "A little bit," he replied childishly.

"What d'ye call a little bit?"

"Three hundred dollars, Gib."

"Secured?"

"He gimme his note at eight per cent. The savin's bank only pays four."

"Is the note secured by endorsement or collateral?"

"No."

"Hum-m-m! Strange you didn't say nothin' to me about this till I had to pry it out o' you, Bart."

"Well, Scraggsy was feelin' so dogoned blue——"

"The truth," Mr. Gibney insisted firmly, "the truth, Bart."

"Well, Scraggsy asked me not to say anythin to you about it."

"Sure. He knew I'd kill the deal. He knew better'n to try to nick me for three hundred bucks on his danged, worthless note. Bart, why'd you do it?"

"Oh, h—ll, Gib, be a good feller," poor McGuffey pleaded. "Don't be too hard on ol' Scraggsy."

"We're discussin' you, Bart. 'Pears to me you've sort o' lost confidence in your old shipmate, ain't you? 'Pears that way to me when you act sneaky like."

McGuffey bridled. "I ain't a sneak."

"A rose by any other name'd be just as sweet," Mr. Gibney quoted. "You poor, misguided simp. If you ever see that three hundred dollars again you'll be a lot older'n you are now. However, that ain't none o' my business. The fact remains, Bart, that you conspired with Scraggsy to keep things away from me; which shows you ain't the man I thought you were, so from now on you go your way an' I'll go mine."

"I got a right to do as I blasted please with my money," McGuffey defended hotly. "I ain't no child to be lectured to."

"Considerin' the fact that you wouldn't have had the money to lend if it hadn't been for me, I allow I'm insulted when you use the said money to give aim an' comfort to my enemy. I'm through."

McGuffey, smothered in guilt, felt nevertheless that he had to stand by his guns, so to speak. "Stay through, if you feel like it," he retorted. "Where d'ye get that chatter? Ain't I free, white, an' twenty-one year old?"

Mr. Gibney was really hurt. "You poor boob," he murmured. "It's the old game o' settin' a beggar on horseback an' seein' him ride to the devil, or slippin' a gold ring in a pig's nose. An' I figured you was my friend!"

"Well, ain't I?"

"Fooey! Fooey! Don't talk to me. You'd sell out your own mother."

"Gib, you tryin' to pick a fight with me?"

"No, but I would if I thought I wouldn't git a footrace instead," Gibney rejoined scathingly. "Cripes, what a double-crossin' I been handed! Honest, Bart, when it comes to that sort o' work Scraggs is in his infancy. You sure take the cake."

"I ain't got the heart to clout you an' make you eat them words," Mr. McGuffey declared, sorrowfully.

"You mean you ain't got the guts," Mr. Gibney corrected him. "Bart, I got your number. Goodbye."

Mr. McGuffey had a wild impulse to cast himself upon the Gibney neck and weep, but his honor forbade any such weakness. So he invited Mr. Gibney to betake himself to a region several degrees hotter than the Maggie's engine room; then, because he feared to linger and develop a sentimental weakness, he turned his back abruptly and descended to the said engine room.

On his part, Adelbert P. Gibney entered the cabin and glared long and menacingly at Captain Scraggs. "I'll have my time," he growled presently. "Give it to me an' give it quick."

The very intonation of his voice warned Scraggs that the present was not a time for argument or trifling. Silently he paid Mr. Gibney the money due him; in equal silence the navigating officer went to the pilot house, unscrewed his framed certificate from the wall, packed it with his few belongings, and departed for Scab Johnny's boarding house.

"Hello," Scab Johnny saluted him at his entrance. "Quit the Maggie?"

Mr. Gibney nodded.

"Want a trip to the dark blue?"

"Lead me to it," mumbled Mr. Gibney.

"It'll cost you twenty dollars, Gib. Chief mate on the Rose of Sharon, bound for the Galapagos Islands sealing."

"I'll take it, Johnny." Mr. Gibney threw over a twenty-dollar bill, went to his room, packed all of his belongings, paid his bill to Scab Johnny, and within the hour was aboard the schooner Rose of Sharon. Two hours later they towed out with the tide.

Poor McGuffey was stunned when he heard the news that night from Scab Johnny. When he retailed the information to Scraggs next morning, Scraggs was equally perturbed. He guessed that McGuffey and Gibney had quarreled and he had the poor judgment to ask McGuffey the cause of the row. Instantly, McGuffey informed him that that was none of his dad-fetched business—and the incident was closed.

The three months that followed were the most harrowing of McGuffey's life. Captain Scraggs knew his engineer would not resign while he, Scraggs, owed him three hundred dollars; wherefore he was not too particular to put a bridle on his tongue when things appeared to go wrong. McGuffey longed to kill him, but dared not. When, eventually, the railroad had been extended sufficiently far down the coast to enable the farmers to haul their goods to the railroad in trucks, the Maggie automatically went out of the green-pea trade; simultaneously, Captain Scraggs' note to McGuffey fell due and the engineer demanded payment. Scraggs demurred, pleading poverty, but Mr. McGuffey assumed such a threatening attitude that reluctantly Scraggs paid him a hundred and fifty dollars on account, and McGuffey extended the balance one year—and quit.

"See that you get that hundred and fifty an' the interest in your jeans the next time we meet," he warned Scraggs as he went overside.

Time passed. For a month the Maggie plied regularly between Bodega bay and San Francisco in an endeavor to work up some business in farm and dairy produce, but a gasoline schooner cut in on the run and declared a rate war, whereupon the Maggie turned her blunt nose riverward and for a brief period essayed some towing and general freighting on the Sacramento and San Joaquin. It was unprofitable, however, and at last Captain Scraggs was forced to lay his darling little Maggie up and take a job as chief officer of the ferry steamer Encinal, plying between San Francisco and Oakland. In the meantime, Mr. McGuffey, after two barren months "on the beach," landed a job as second assistant on a Standard Oil tanker running to the west coast, while thrifty Nells Halvorsen invested the savings of ten years in a bay scow known as the Willie and Annie, arrogated to himself the title of captain, and proceeded to freight hay, grain and paving stones from Petaluma.

The old joyous days of the green-pea trade were gone forever, and many a night, as Captain Scraggs paced the deck of the ferryboat, watching the ferry tower loom into view, or the scattered lights along the Alameda shore, he thought longingly of the old Maggie, laid away, perhaps forever, and slowly rotting in the muddy waters of the Sacramento. And he thought of Mr. Gibney, too, away off under the tropic stars, leading the care-free life of a real sailor at last, and of Bartholomew McGuffey, imbibing "pulque" in the "cantina" of some disreputable cafe. Captain Scraggs never knew how badly he was going to miss them both until they were gone, and he had nobody to fight with except Mrs. Scraggs and when Mrs. Scraggs (to quote Captain Scraggs) "slipped her cable" in her forty-third year Captain Scraggs felt singularly lonesome and in a mood to accept eagerly any deviltry that might offer.

Upon a night, which happened to be Scraggs' night off, and when he was particularly lonely and inclined to drown his sorrows in the Bowhend saloon, he was approached by Scab Johnny, and invited to repair to the latter's dingy office for the purpose of discussing what Scab Johnny guardedly referred to as a "proposition."

Upon arrival at the office, Captain Scraggs was introduced to a small, fierce-looking gentleman of tropical appearance, who owned to the name of Don Manuel Garcia Lopez. Scab Johnny first pledged Captain Scraggs to absolute secrecy, and made him swear by the honor of his mother and the bones of his father not to divulge a word of what he was about to tell him.

Scab Johnny was short and to the point. He stated that, as Captain Scragge was doubtless aware, if he perused the daily papers at all, there was a revolution raging in Mexico. His friend, Senor Lopez, represented the under-dogs in the disturbance, and was anxious to secure a ship and a nervy sea captain to land a shipment of arms in Lower California. It appeared that at a sale of condemned army goods held at the arsenal at Benicia, Senor Lopez had, through Scab Johnny, purchased two thousand single-shot Springfield rifles that had been retired when the militia regiments took up the Krag. The Krag in turn having been replaced by the modern magazine Springfield, the old single-shot Springfields, with one hundred thousand rounds of 45-70 ball cartridges, had been sold to the highest bidder. In addition to the small arms, Lopez had at present in a warehouse three machine guns and four 3-inch breech-loading pieces of field artillery (the kind of guns generally designated as a "jackass battery," for the reason that they can be taken down and transported over rough country on mules) —together with a supply of ammunition for same.

"Now, then," Scab Johnny continued, "the job that confronts us is to

"The Job That Confronts Us Is to Get These Munitions Down to Our Friends in Mexico."

get these munitions down to our friends in Mexico. If we're caught smuggin' 'em into Mexico we'll spend the rest of our lives in a federal penitentiary for bustin' the neutrality laws. All them rifles an' the ammunition is cased an' in my basement at the present moment—and the government agents knows they're there. But that ain't troubling me. I rent the saloon next door an' I'll cut a hole through the wall from my cellar into the saloon cellar, carry 'em through the saloon into the backyard, an' out into the alley half a block away. I'm watched, but I got the watcher spotted—only he don't know it. Our only trouble is a ship. How about the Maggie?"

"I'd have to spend about two thousand dollars on her to put her in condition for the voyage," Scraggs replied.

"Can do," Scab Johnny answered him briefly, and Senor Lopez nodded acquiescence. "You discharge on a lighter at Descanso bay about twenty miles below Ensenada. What'll it cost us?"

"Ten thousand dollars, in addition to fixin' up the Maggie. Half down and half on delivery. I'm riskin' my hide an' my ticket an' I got to be well paid for it."

Again Senor Lopez nodded. What did he care? It wasn't his money.

"I'll furnish you with our own crew just before you sail," Scab Johnny continued. "Get busy."

"Gimme a thousand for preliminary expenses," Scraggs demanded. "After that Speed is my middle name."

The charming Senor Lopez produced the money in crisp new bills and, perfect gentleman that he was, demanded no receipt. As a matter of fact, Scraggs would not have given him one.

The two weeks that followed were busy ones for Captain Scraggs. The day after his interview with Scab Johnny and Don Manuel he engaged an engineer and a deck hand and went up the Sacramento to bring the Maggie down to San Francisco. Upon her arrival she was hauled out on the marine ways at Oakland creek, cleaned, caulked, and some new copper sheathing put on her bottom. She was also given a dash of black paint, had her engines and boilers thoroughly overhauled and repaired, and shipped a new propeller that would add at least a knot to her speed. Also, she had her stern rebuilt. And when everything was ready, she slipped down to the Black Diamond coal bunkers and took on enough fuel to carry her to San Pedro; after which she steamed across the bay to San Francisco and tied up at Fremont street wharf.

The cargo came down in boxes, variously labeled. There were "agricultural implements," a "cream separator," a "windmill," and half a dozen "sewing-machines," in addition to a considerable number of kegs alleged to contain nails. Most of it came down after five o'clock in the afternoon after the wharfinger had left the dock, and as nothing but a disordered brain would have suspected the steamer Maggie of an attempt to break the neutrality laws, the entire cargo was gotten aboard safely and without a jot of suspicion attaching to the vessel.

When all was in readiness, Captain Scraggs incontinently "fired" his deckhand and engineer and inducted aboard a new crew, carefully selected for their filibuster virtues by Scab Johnny himself. Then while the new engineer got up steam, Captain Scraggs went up to Scab Johnny's office for his final instructions and the balance of the first instalment due him.

Briefly, his instructions were as follows: Upon arrival off Point Dume on the southern California coast, he was to stand in close to Dume cove under cover of darkness and show two green lights on the masthead. A man would come alongside presently in a small boat, and climb aboard. This man would be the supercargo and the confidential envoy of the insurrecto junta in Los Angeles. Captain Scraggs was to look to this man for orders and to obey him implicitly, as upon this depended the success of the expedition. This agent of the insurrecto forces would pay him the balance of five thousand dollars due him immediately upon discharge of the cargo at Descanso bay. There was a body of insurrecto troops encamped at Megano rancho, a mile from the beach, and they would have a barge and small boats in readiness to lighter the cargo. Scab Johnny explained that he had promised the crew double wages and a bonus of a hundred dollars each for the trip. Don Manuel Garcia Lopez paid over the requisite amount of cash, and half an hour later the Maggie was steaming down the bay on her perilous mission.

The sun was setting as they passed out the Golden gate and swung down the south channel, and with the wind on her beam, the aged Maggie did nine knots. Late in the afternoon of the following day she was off the Santa Barbara channel, and about midnight she ran in under the lee of Point Dume and lay to. The mate hung out the green signal lights, and in about an hour Captain Scraggs heard the sound of oars grating in rowlocks. A few minutes later a stentorian voice hailed them out of the darkness. Captain Scraggs had a Jacob's ladder slung over the side and the mate and two deckhands hung over the rail with lanterns, lighting up the surrounding sea feebly for the benefit of the lone adventurer who sat muffled in a great coat in the stern of a small boat rowed by two men. There was a very slight sea running, and presently the men in the small boat, watching their opportunity by the ghostly light of the lanterns, ran their frail craft in under the lee of the Maggie. The figure in the stern sheets leaped on the instant, caught the Jacob's ladder, climbed nimbly over the side, and swore heartily in very good English as his feet struck the deck.

"What's the name of this floating coffin?" he demanded in a chain-locker voice. It was quite evident that even in the darkness, where her many defects were mercifully hidden, the Maggie did not suit the special envoy of the Mexican insurrectos.

"American steamer Maggie," said the skipper frigidly. "Scraggs is my name, sir. And if you don't like my vessel—"

"Scraggsy!" roared the special envoy. "Scraggsy, for a thousand! And the old Maggie of all boats! Scraggsy, old tarpot, your fin! Duke me, you doggoned old salamander!"

"Gib, my dear boy!" shrieked Captain Scragge and cast himself into Mr. Gibney's arms in a transport of joy. Mr. Gibney, for it was indeed he, pounded Captain Scraggs on the back with one great hand while with the other he crushed the skipper's fingers to a pulp, the while he called on all the powers of darkness to witness that never in all his life had he received such a pleasant surprise.

It was indeed a happy moment. All the old animosities and differences were swallowed up in the glad handclasp with which Mr. Gibney greeted his old shipmate of the green-pea trade. Scraggs took him below at once and they pledged each other's health in a steaming kettle of grog, while the Maggie, once more on her course, rolled south toward Descanso bay.

"Well, I'll be keel-hauled and skull-dragged!" said Captain Scraggs, producing a box of two-for-a-quarter cigars and handing it to Mr. Gibney. "Gib, my dear boy, wherever have you been these last three years?"

"Everywhere," replied Mr. Gibney. "I have been all over, mostly in Panama and the Gold coast. For two years I've been navigatin' officer on the Colombian gunboat Bogota. When I was a young feller I did a hitch in the navy and become a first-class gunner, and then I went to sea in the merchant marine, and got my mate's license, and when I flashed my credentials on the president of the United States of Colombia he give me a job at "dos cienti pesos oro" per. That's Spanish for two hundred bucks gold a month. I've been through two wars and I got a medal for sinkin' a fishin' smack. I talk Spanish just like a native, I don't drink no more to speak of, and I've been savin' my money. Some day when I get the price together I'm goin' back to San Francisco, buy me a nice little schooner, and go tradin' in the South seas. How they been comin' with you, Scraggsy, old kiddo?"

"Lovely," replied Scraggs. "Just simply grand. I'll pull ten thousand out of this job."

Mr. Gibney whistled shrilly through his teeth.

"That's the ticket for soup," he said admiringly. "I tell you, Scraggs, this soldier of fortune business may be all right, but it don't amount to much compared to being a sailor of fortune, eh, Scraggsy? Just as soon as I heard there was a revolution in Mexico I quit my job in the Colombian navy and come north for the pickin's. . . . No, I ain't been in their rotten little army. . . . D'ye think I want to go around killin' people? . . . There ain't no pleasure gettin' killed in the mere shank of a bright and prosperous life . . . a dead hero don't gather no moss, Scraggsy. Reads all right in books, but it don't appeal none to me. I'm for peace every time, so right away as soon as I heard of the trouble, says I to myself: 'Things has been pretty quiet in Mexico for twenty years, and they're due to shift things around pretty much. What them peons need is a man with an imagination to help 'em out, and if they've got the money, Adelbert P. Gibney can supply the brains.' So I comes north to Los Angeles, shows the insurrecto junta my medal and my honorable discharges from every ship I'd ever been in, includin' the gunboat Bogota, and I talked big and swelled around and told 'em to run in some

"I Framed It All Up for This Filibuster Trip You're On."

arms and get busy. I framed it all up for this filibuster trip you're on, Scraggsy, only I never did hear that they'd picked on you. I told that coffee-colored rat of a Lopez man to hunt up Scab Johnny and he'd set him right, but if anybody had told me you had the nerve to run the Maggie in on this deal, Scraggsy, I'd a-called him a liar. Scraggs, you're mucho-bueno—that is, you're all right. I'm so used to talkin' Spanish I forget myself. Still, there's one end of this little deal that I ain't exactly explained to all hands. If I'd a-known they was charterin' the Maggie, I'd have blocked the game."

"Why?" demanded Captain Scraggs, instantly on the defensive.

"Not that I'm holdin' any grudge agin you, Scraggsy," said Mr. Gibney affably, "but I wouldn't a-had you no more now than I would when we was runnin' in the green-pea trade. It's because you ain't got no imagination, and the Maggie ain't big enough for my purpose. Havin' the Maggie sort of puts a crimp in my plans."

"Rot," snapped Captain Scraggs. "I've had the Maggie overhauled and shipped a new wheel, and she's a mighty smart little boat, I'll tell you. I'll land them arms in Descanso bay all right."

"I know you will," said Mr. Gibney sadly. "That's just what hurts. You see, Scraggsy, I never intended 'em for Descanso bay in the first place. There's a nice healthy little revolution fomentin' down in the United States of Colombia, with Adelbert P. Gibney playin' both ends to the middle. And there's a dog-hole down on the Gold coast where I intended to land this cargo, but now that Scab Johnny's gone to work and sent me a bay scow instead of a sea-goin' steamer, I'm in the nine-hole instead o' dog-hole. I can never get as far as the Gold coast with the Maggie. She can't carry coal enough to last her."

"But I thought these guns and things was for the Mexicans," quavered Captain Scraggs. "Scab Johnny and Lopez told me they was."

Mr. Gibney groaned and hid his face in his hands. "Scraggsy," he said sadly, "it's a cinch you ain't used the past four years to stimulate that imagination of yours. Of course they was purchased for the Mexicans, but what was to prevent me from jettin' the Mexicans pay for them, help out on the charter of the boat, and then have me divert the cargo to the United States of Colombia, where I can sell 'em at a clear profit, the cost bein' nothin' to speak of? Now you got to come buttin' in with the Maggie, and what happens? Why, I got to be honest, of course. I got to make good on my bluff, and what's in it for me? Nothin' but glory. Can you hock a chunk of glory for ham and eggs, Phineas Scraggs? Not on your life. If it hadn't been for you buttin' in with your blasted, rotten hulk of a fresh-water skiff, I'd—"

Mr. Gibney paused ominously and savagely bit the end of his cigar. As for Captain Scraggs, every drop of blood in his body was boiling in defense of the ship he loved.

"You're a pirate," he shrilled.

"And you're just as big a hornet as you ever was," replied Mr. Gibney. "Always buzzin' around where you ain't wanted. But still, what's the use of bawlin' over spilt milk? We'll drop into San Diego for a couple of hours and take on coal, and about sunset we'll pull out and make the run down to Descanso bay in the dark. We might as well forget the past and put this thing through as per program. Only I saw visions of a schooner all my own, Scraggsy, and—well, what's the use? What's the use? Scraggsy, you're a natural-born mar-plot. Always buttin' in, buttin' in, fit for nothin' but the green-pea trade. However, I guess I can turn into my old berth and get some sleep. Put the old girl under a slow bell and save your coal. We'll have to fool away four or five hours in San Diego anyhow and there ain't no sense in crowdin' the old hulk."

"Gib," said Captain Scraggs, "was that really your lay—to steal the cargo, double-cross the insurrecto junta, and sell out to a furrin' country?"

"Of course it was," said Mr. Gibney pettishly. "They all do such things in the banana republics. Why should I be an exception? There's half a dozen different gangs fightin' each other and the government in Mexico, and if I don't deliver these arms, just see all the lives I'll be savin'. And after I got the cargo into Colombia and sold it, I could have peached on the rebels there, and got a reward for it, and saved a lot more lives, and come away rich and respected."

"By the Lord Harry," said Captain Scraggs, "but you've got an imagination, Gib. I'll swear to that. Gib, I take off my hat to you. You're all tight and shipshape and no loose ends bobbin' around you. Don't tell me th' scheme's got t' fall through, Gib. Great snakes, don't tell me that. Ain't there some way o' gettin' around it? There must be. Why, Gib, my dear boy, I never heard of such a grand lay in my life. It's a absolute winner. Don't give up, Gib. Oil up your imagination and find a way out. Let's get together, Gib, and make a little money. Dang it all, Gib, I been lonesome ever since I seen you last."

"Well," replied Mr. Gibney, "I'll turn in and try to scheme a way out, but I don't hold out no hope. Not a ray of it. I'm afraid, Scraggsy, we've got to be honest."

Saying which, Mr. Gibney hopped up into his berth, stretched his huge legs, and fell asleep with his clothes on. Captain Scraggs looked him over with the closest approach to affection that had ever lightened his cold gray eye, and sighing heavily, presently went on deck. As he passed up the companionway, the first mate heard him murmur:

"Gib's a fine lad. I'll be dad burned if he ain't."

At six o'clock next morning the Maggie was rounding Point Loma, heading in for San Diego bay, and Captain Scraggs went below and awakened Mr. Gibney.

"What's for breakfast, Scraggsy, old kid?" asked Mr. Gibney.

"Fried eggs," said Captain Scraggs, remembering Mr. Gibney's partiality for that form of nutriment in the vanished days of the green-pea trade. "Ham an' fried eggs an' a sizzlin' pot o' coffee. Thought a way out o' our mess, Gib?"

"Not yet," replied Mr. Gibney as he rolled out of bed, "but eggs is always stimulatin', and I don't give up hope on a full stomach."

An hour later they were tied up under the coal bunkers, and at Mr. Gibney's suggestion some twenty tons of sacked coal were piled on top of the fo'castle head and on the main deck for'd, in case of emergency. They lay in the harbor all day until about four o'clock, when Mr. Gibney, by virtue of his authority as supercargo, ordered the lines cast off and the Maggie steamed out of the harbor. Off Point Loma they veered to the south, leaving the Coronado islands on the starboard quarter, ten miles to the west. Mr. Gibney was below with Captain Scraggs, battling with the problem that confronted them, when the mate stuck his head down the companionway to report a large power schooner coming out from the lee of the Coro-

Continued on Page 3

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THE GREEN PEA PIRATES

Continued from Page 2

nados and standing off on a course calculated to intercept the Maggie in an hour or two.

Captain Scraggs and Mr. Gibney sprang up on the bridge at once, the latter with Scraggs' long glass up to his eye.

"She was hove to under the lee of the island, and the minute we came out of the harbor and turned south she come nosin' after us," said the mate.

"Hum!" muttered Mr. Gibney. "Gasoline schooner. Two masts and baldheaded. About a hundred and twenty ton, I should say, and showin' a pretty pair of heels. There's somethin' up for'd—yes—let me see—ye-es, there's two more—holy sailor! it's a gunboat! One of those doggoned gasoline coast patrol boats, and there's the federal flag flying at the fore."

"Let's put back to San Diego bay," quavered Captain Scraggs. "I'll be durned if I relish the idee o' losin' the Maggie."

"Too late," said the philosophical Gibney. "We're in Mexican waters now, and she can cut us off from the bay. The only thing we can do is to run for it and try to lose her after dark. Tell the engineer to crowd her to the limit. There ain't much wind to speak of, so I guess we can manage to hold our own for a while. Nevertheless, I've got a hunch that we'll be overhauled. Of course, you ain't got no papers to show, Scraggs, and they'll search the cargo, and confiscate us, and shoot the whole bloomin' crowd of us. I bet a dollar to a doughnut that fellow Lopez sold us out, after the fashion of the country. I can't help thinkin' that that gunboat was there just a-waitin' for us to show up."

For several minutes Mr. Gibney continued to study the gunboat until there could no longer be any doubt that she intended to overhaul them. He made out that she had a long gun for'd, with a battery of two one-pounders on top of her house and something on her port quarter that looked like a Maxim rapid-fire gun. About twenty men, dressed in white cloth, could be seen on her decks.

Presently Mr. Gibney was interrupted by Captain Scraggs pulling at his sleeve.

"You was a gunner once, wasn't you, Gib?" said Captain Scraggs in a trembling voice.

"You bet I was," replied Mr. Gibney. "My shootin' won the trophy three times in succession when I was on the old Kearsarge. If I had one good gun and a half-decent crew, I'd knock that gunboat silly before she knew what had hit her."

"Gib, I've got an idee," said Captain Scraggs.

"Out with it," said Mr. Gibney cheerfully.

"There was four little cannon lowered into the hold the last thing before we put on the main hatch, and the ammunition to load 'em with is stowed in the after hold and very easy to get at."

Mr. Gibney turned a beaming face to the skipper, reached out his arms, and folded Captain Scraggs in an embrace that would have done credit to a grizzly bear. There were genuine tears of admiration in his eyes and in his voice when he could master his emotions sufficiently to speak.

"Scraggsy, old tarpot, you've been a long time comin' through on the imagination, but you've sure arrived with all sail set. I always thought you had about as much nerve as an oyster, but I take it all back. We'll get out them two little jackass guns and fight a naval battle, and if I don't sink that Mexican gunboat, and save the Maggie, feed me to the sharks, for I won't be worthy of the blood that's in me. Pipe all hands and lift off that main hatch. Reeve a block and tackle through that cargo gaff and stand by to heave out the guns."

But Captain Scraggs had repented of his rash suggestion almost the moment he made it. Only the dire necessity of desperate measures to save the Maggie had prompted him to put the idea into Mr. Gibney's head, and when he saw the avidity with which the latter set to work clearing for action, his terror knew no bounds.

"Oh, Gib," he wailed, "I'm afraid we better not try to lick that gunboat after all. They might sink us with all hands."

"Rats!" said Mr. Gibney, as he leaped into the hold. "Bear a light here until I can root out the wheels of these guns. Here they are, labeled 'cream separator.' Stand by with that sling to—"

"But, Gib, my dear boy," protested Captain Scraggs, "this is insanity!"

"I know it," said Mr. Gibney calmly. "Scraggsy, you're perfectly right. But I'd sooner die fightin' than let them stand me up agin a wall in Ensenada. We're filibusters, Scraggsy, and we're caught with the goods. I, for one, am goin' down with the steamer Maggie, but I'm goin' down fightin' like a bear."

"Maybe—maybe we can outrun her, Gib," half sobbed Captain Scraggs.

"No hope," replied Mr. Gibney. "Fight and die is the last resort. She's eight miles astern and gainin' every minute, and when she's within

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

"I'd Sooner Die Fightin' Than Let Them Stand Me Up Agin a Wall in Ensenada."

two miles she'll open fire. Of course, we won't be hit unless they've got a Yankee gunner aboard."

"Let's run up the Stars and Stripes and dare 'em to fire on us," said Captain Scraggs.

"No," said Mr. Gibney firmly, "my old man died for the flag an' I've sailed under it too long to hide behind it when I'm in Dutch. We'll fight. If you was ever navigatin' officer on a Colombian gunboat, Scraggs, you'd realize what it means to run from a Mexican."

Captain Scraggs said nothing further. Perhaps he was a little ashamed of himself in the face of Mr. Gibney's simple faith in his own ability; perhaps in his veins, all unknown, there flowed a taint of the heroic blood of some forgotten sea-dog. Be that as it may, something did swell in his breast when Mr. Gibney spoke of the flag and his scorning to hide behind it, and Scraggs' snaggle teeth came together with a snap.

"All right, Gib, my boy," he said solemnly, "I'm with you. Mrs. Scraggs has slipped her cable and there ain't nobody to mourn for me. But if we can't fight under the Stars and Stripes, by the tail of the Great Sacred Bull, we'll have a flag of our own," and leaving Mr. Gibney and the crew to get the guns on deck, Captain Scraggs ran below. He appeared on deck presently with a long blue burgee on which was emblazoned in white letters the single word Maggie. It was his own housflag, and with trembling hands he ran it to the fore and cast its wrinkled folds to the breeze of heaven.

"Good old dishcloth!" shrieked Mr. Gibney. "She never comes down."

"D—d if she does," said Captain Scraggs profanely.

While all this was going on, a deckhand had reeved a block and tackle through the end of the cargo gaff and passed it to the winch. The two guns came out of the hold in jig time, and while Scraggs and one deckhand opened the after hold and got out ammunition for the guns, Mr. Gibney, assisted by the other deckhand, proceeded to put one of the guns together. He was shrewd enough to realize that he would have to do practically all of the work of serving the gun himself, in view of which condition one gun would have to defend the Maggie. He had never seen a mountain gun before, but he did not find it difficult to put the simple mechanism together.

"Now, then, Scraggsy," he announced cheerfully when the gun was finally assembled on the carriage, "get a sizeable timber an' spike it to the center o' the deck. I'll run the trail spade up against that cleat an' that'll keep the recoil from lettin' the gun go backward, clean through the opposite rail and overboard. Gimme a coupler gallons o' distillate an' some waste, somebody. This cosmoline's got to come out o' the tube an' out o' the breech mechanism before we commence shootin'."

The enemy had approached within three miles by the time the piece was ready for action. Under Mr. Gibney's instructions Captain Scraggs held the fuse setter in case it should be necessary to adjust with shrapnel. Mr. Gibney inserted his sights and took a preliminary squint. "A little different from gun-pointin' in the navy, but about the same principle," he declared. "In the army I believe they call this kind o' shootin' direct fire, because you sight direct on the target." He scratched his ingenious head and examined the ammunition. "Not a high explosive shell in the lot," he mourned. "I'll have to use percussion fire to get the range; then I'll drop back a little an' spray her with shrapnel. Seems a pity to smash up a fine schooner like that one with percussion fire. I'd rather tickle 'em up a bit with shrapnel an' scare 'em into runnin' away."

He got out the lanyard, slipped a cartridge in the breech, paused, and scratched his head again. His calm deliberation was driving Scraggs crazy. He reminded Mr. Gibney with some asperity that they were not attending a strawberry festival and for the love of heaven to get busy.

"I'm estimatin' the range, you snipe," Gibney retorted. "Looks to be about three miles to me. A little long, mebbe, for this gun, but—there's nothin' like tryin'," and he sighted carefully. "Fire," he bawled as the Maggie rested an instant in the trough of the sea—and a deckhand jerked the lanyard. Instantly Mr. Gibney clapped the long glass to his eye.

"Good direction—over," he murmured. "I'll lay on her waterline next time." He jerked open the breech, ejected the cartridge case, and rammed another cartridge home. This shot struck the water directly under the schooner's bow and threw water over her forecastle head. Mr. Gibney smiled, spat overboard, and winked confidently at Captain Scraggs. "Like spearin' fish in a bath tub," he declared. He bent over the fuse setter. "Corrector three zero," he intoned, "four eight hundred." He thrust a cartridge in the fuse setter, twisted it, slammed it in the gun, and fired again. "Over," he growled.

Something whined over the Maggie and threw up a waterspout half a mile beyond her.

"Dubs," jeered Mr. Gibney, and sighted again. This time his shrapnel burst neatly on the schooner. Almost simultaneously a shell from the schooner dropped into the sacked coal on the forecastle head of the Maggie and enveloped her in a black pall of smoke and coal dust. Captain Scraggs screamed.

"Tit for tat," the philosophical Gibney reminded him. "We can't expect to get away with everything, Scraggsy, old kiddo." The words were scarcely out of his mouth before the Maggie's mainmast and about ten feet of her ancient railing were trailing alongside. Mr. Gibney whistled softly through his teeth and successfully sprayed the Mexican again. "It breaks my heart to ruin that craft's canvas," he declared, and let her have it once more.

"My Maggie's tail is shot away," Captain Scraggs wailed, "an' I only rebuilt it a week ago." Three more shots from the long gun missed them, but the fourth carried away the cabin, leaving the wreck of the pilot house, with the helmsman unscathed, sticking up like a sore thumb.

"Turn her around and head straight for them," the gallant Gibney roared. "She's a smaller target comin' bows on. We're broadside to her now."

"Gib, will you ever sink that Greaser?" Captain Scraggs sobbed hysterically.

"Don't want to sink her," the supercargo retorted. "She's a nice little schooner. I'd rather capture her. Maybe we can use her in our business, Scraggsy," and he continued to shower the enemy with high bursting shrap-

"My Maggie's Tail Is Shot Away."

nel. When the two vessels were less than two miles apart the one-pounders came into action. It was pretty shooting and the wicked little shells ripped through the old Maggie like buckshot through a roll of butter. Mr. Gibney slid flat on the deck beside his gun and Captain Scraggs sprawled beside him.

"A feller," Mr. Gibney announced, "has got to take a beatin' while lookin' for an openin' to put over the knockout blow. If the old Maggie holds together till we're within a cable length o' that schooner an' we ain't all killed by that time, I bet I'll make them skunks sing soft an' low."

"How?" Captain Scraggs chattered.

"With muzzle bursts," Mr. Gibney replied. "I'll set my fuse at zero, an' at point-blank range I'll just rake everything off that schooner's decks. Guess I'll get half a dozen cartridges set an' ready for the big scene. Up with you, Admiral Scraggs, an' hold the fuse setter steady."

"I'm agin war," Scraggs quavered. "Gib, it's sure h—ll."

"Rats! It's invigoratin', Scraggsy. There ain't nothin' wrong with war, Scraggsy, unless you happen to get killed. Then it's like cholera. You can cure every case except the first one."

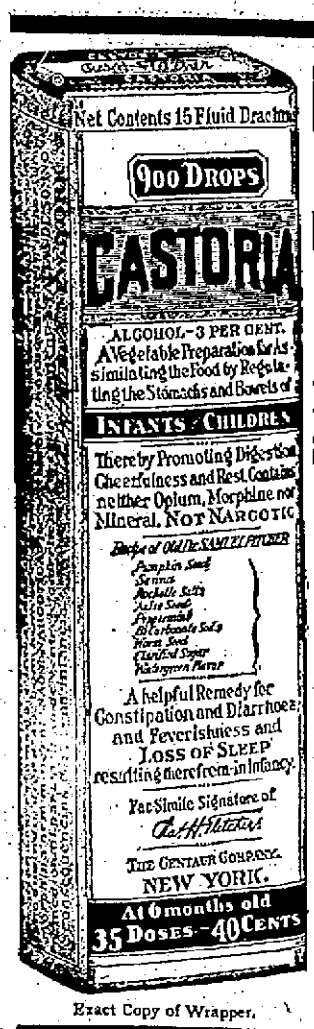
They had come inside the minimum range of the Mexican's long gun now, so that only the one-pounders continued to peck at the Maggie. Evidently the Mexican was as eager to get to close quarters as Mr. Gibney, for he held steadily on his course.

"Well, it's time to put over the big stuff," Mr. Gibney remarked presently. "Here's hopin' they don't pot me with rifle fire while I'm extendin' my compliments."

As the first muzzle burst raked the Mexican Captain Scraggs saw that most of the terrible blast of lead had gone too high. Nevertheless, it was effective, for to a man the crews of the one-pounders deserted their posts and tumbled below; seeing which the individual in command lost his nerve. He was satisfied now that the infernal Maggie purposed ramming him; he had marveled that the filibuster should use shrapnel, after she had ranged with shell (he did not know it was percussion shrapnel) and in sudden panic he decided that the Maggie, mortally wounded, purposed getting close enough to sink him with shell-fire if she failed to ram him; whereupon the yellow streak came through and he waved his arms frantically above his head in token of surrender.

"She's hauled down her rag," shrieked Scraggs. "Be merciful, Gib. There's men dyin' on that boat."

"Lay alongside that craft," Mr. Gibney shouted to the helmsman. The



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schooner had hove to and when the Maggie also hove to some thirty yards to windward of her Mr. Gibney informed the Mexican, in atrocious Spanish well mixed with English, that if the latter so much as lifted his little finger he might expect to be sunk like a dog. "Down below, everybody but the helmsman, or I'll sweep your decks with another muzzle burst," he thundered.

The Mexican obeyed and Captain Scraggs went up in the pilot house and laid the terribly battered Maggie alongside the schooner. The instant she touched, Mr. Gibney sprang aboard, quickly followed by Captain Scraggs, who had relinquished the helm to his first mate.

Suddenly Captain Scraggs shouted, "Look, Gib, for the love of the Lord, look!" and pointed with his finger. At the head of the little iron-railed companion-way leading down into the engine-room a man was standing. He had a monkey wrench in one hand and a greasy rag in the other.

Mr. Gibney turned and looked at the man.

"McGuffey, for a thousand!" he bellowed, and ran forward with outstretched hand. Captain Scraggs was at Gibney's heels, and between them they came very nearly dislocating Bartholomew McGuffey's arm.

"McGuffey, my dear boy," said Captain Scraggs. "Whatever are you a-doin' on this heathen battleship?"

"Me!" ejaculated Mr. McGuffey, with his old-time deliberation. "Why, I'm the chief engineer of this craft. I had a good job, too, but I guess it's all off now, and the Mexican government'll fire me. Say, who chucked that buckshot down into my engine room?"

"Admiral Gibney did it," said Scraggs. "The old Maggie's alongside and me and Gib's filibusters. Bear a hand, Mac, and help us clap the hatches on our prisoners."

"Thank God," said Mr. Gibney piously, "I didn't kill you. Come to look into the matter, I didn't kill anybody, though I see half a dozen Mexicans around decks more or less cut up. Where you been all these years, Mac?"

"I been chief engineer in the Mexican navy," replied McGuffey. "Have you captured us in the name of the United States or what?"

"We've captured you in the name of Adelbert P. Gibney," was the reply. "I been huntin' all my life for a ship of my own, and now I've got her. Lord, Mac, she's a beauty, ain't she! All hardwood finish, teak rail, well found, and just the ticket for the island trade. Well, well, well! I'm Captain Gibney at last."

"Where do I come in, Gib?" asked Captain Scraggs modestly.

"Well, seein' as the Maggie has two holes through her hull below the waterline, and is generally picked to pieces, you might quit askin' questions and get back aboard and put the pumps on her. You're lucky if she don't sink on you before we get to Descanso bay. If she sinks, don't worry. I'll give you a job as my first mate. Mac, you're my engineer, but not at no fancy Mexican price. I'll pay you the union scale and not a blasted cent more or less. Is that fair?"

McGuffey said it was, and went below to tune up his engine. Mr. Gibney took the wheel of the gunboat, and sent Captain Scraggs back aboard the Maggie, and in a few minutes both vessels were bowling along toward Descanso bay. They were off the bay at midnight, and while with Mr. Gibney in command of the federal gunboat Captain Scraggs had nothing to fear, the rapid rise of water in the hold of the Maggie was sadly disconcerting. About daylight he made up his mind that she would sink within two hours, and without pausing to whine over his predicament, he promptly beached her. She drove far up the beach, with the slack water breaking around her scarred stern, and when the tide ebbed she lay high and dry. And the rebel soldiers came trooping down from the Megano rancho and falling upon her carcass like so many ants, quickly distributed her cargo amongst them, and disappeared.

Captain Scraggs sent his crew out aboard the captured gunboat to assist Mr. Gibney in rowing his prisoners ashore, and when finally he stood alone beside the wreck of the brave old Maggie, piled up at last in the port of missing ships, something snapped within his breast and the big tears rolled in quick succession down his sun-tanned cheeks. The old hulk looked peculiarly pathetic as she lay there, listed over on her beam ends. She had served him well, but she had finished her last voyage, and with some vague idea of saving her old bones from vandal hands, Captain Scraggs, sobbing audibly, scattered the contents of half a dozen cans of kerosene over her decks and in the cabin, lighted fires in three different sections of the wreck, and left her to the consuming flames. Half an hour later he stood on the battered decks of the gunboat beside Gibney and McGuffey and watched the dense clouds of smoke that heralded the passing of the Maggie.

"She was a good old hulk," said Mr. Gibney. "And now, as the special envoy of the Liberal army of Mexico, here's a draft on Los Angeles for five thousand bucks, Scraggsy, which constitutes the balance due you on this here filibuster trip. Of course, I needn't remind you, Scraggsy, that you'd never have earned this money if it hadn't been for Adelbert P. Gibney workin' his imagination overtime. I've made you a chunk of money, and while I couldn't save your ship, I did save your life. As a reward for all this, I don't claim one cent of the money due you, as I could if I wanted to be rotten mean. I'm goin' to keep this fine little power schooner for my share of the loot. She's nicked up some, but that only bears evidence to what a hully good shot I am, and it won't take much to fix her up all shipshape again. Usin' high bursts shrapnel ain't very destructive. All them bumps an' scratches can be pinned down. But we'll have to do some mendin' on her canvas—I'll tell the world. She's called the Reina Maria, but I'm going to run her to Panama and change her name. She'll be known as Maggie II, out of respect for the old girl that's burnin' up there on the beach."

Captain Scraggs was so touched at this delicate little tribute that he turned away and burst into tears.

"Aw, shut up, Scraggsy, old bunks," said McGuffey consolingly. "You ain't got nothin' to cry about. You're a rich man. Look at me. I ain't a-bawlin', am I? And I don't get so much as a bean out of this mix-up, all on account of me bein' tied up with a lot of hounds that quits fightin' before they're half licked."

"That's so," said Captain Scraggs, wiping his eyes with his grimy fists. "I declare you're out in the cold, McGuffey, and it ain't right. Gib, my boy, us three has had some stirrin' times together and we've had our differences, but I ain't a-goin' to think of them past griefs. The sight o' you, single-handed, meetin' and annihilatin' the pride of the Mexican navy, calm in th' moment o' despair, generous in victory and delicate as blazes to a fallen shipmate, goin' to work an' namin' your vessel after him that way, is somethin' that wipes away all sorrer and welds a friendship that's bound to endoor till death us do part. If McGuffey'd been on our side, we know from past performances that he'd a fit like a tiger, wouldn't you, Mac?" (Here Mr. McGuffey coughed slightly, as much as to say that he would have fought like ten tigers had he only been given the opportunity.)

Captain Scraggs continued: "I should say that a fair valuation of this schooner as she stands is ten thousand dollars. That belongs to Gib. Now I'm willin' to chuck five thousand dollars into the deal, we'll form a close corporation and as a compliment to McGuffey, elect him chief engineer. In his own ship and give him, say, a quarter interest in our layout, as a little testimonial to an old friend, tried and true."

"Scraggsy," said Mr. Gibney, "you're on. We've fought, but we'll let that go. We wipe the slate clean and start in all over again on the Maggie II, and I'm free to state, without fear of contradiction, that in the last embroglio you showed up like four aces and a king with the entire company standin' pat. Scraggsy, you're a hero, and what you propose proves that you're considerable of a singed cat—better'n you look. We'll go freebootin' down on the Gold coast. There's war, red war, breakin' loose down there, and we'll shy in our horseshoe with the strongest side and pry loose a fortune somewhere. I'm for a life of wild adventure, and now that we've got the ship and the funds and the crew, let's go to it. There's a deal of fine liquor in the wardroom, and I suggest that we nominate Phineas Scraggs, late master of the battleship Maggie, now second in command of the Maggie II, to brew a kettle o' hot grog to celebrate our victory. Mac—Scraggsy—your fins. I'm proud of you both. Shake."

They shook and as Captain Gibney's eye wandered aloft, First Mate Scraggs and Chief Engineer McGuffey looked up also. From the main topmast of the Maggie II floated a long blue burgee, with white lettering on it, and as it whipped out into the breeze the old familiar name stood out against the noonday sun.

"Good old dishcloth!" murmured Mr. Gibney. "She never comes down."

"The Maggie forever!" shrieked Scraggs.

"Hooray!" bellowed McGuffey. "An' now, Scraggsy, if you've got all the enthusiasm out of your blood, kick in with a hundred an' fifty dollars an' interest to date. An' don't tell me that note's outlawed, or I'll feed you to the fishes."

Captain Scraggs looked crestfallen, but produced the money.

(To be continued)

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"She'll Be Known as Maggie II, Out of Respect for the Old Girl That's Burnin' Up There on the Beach."

Boy Held Child Above Flood for Five Hours

Perhaps the outstanding heroism of the flood in San Antonio, Tex., was that of a twelve-year-old Mexican boy, who clung to a tree for five hours, holding on his shoulders above the water a child five years old. The boy rescuer was battered black and blue by floating wreckage and was taken to a hospital unconscious. The child was unharmed.

GOOD SILAGE FEEDING RULE

For Every 100 Pounds of Live Weight Three Pounds of Corn Silage Is Recommended.

Three pounds of corn silage for every 100 pounds of live weight of cattle per day is a good rule to follow. A cow which weighs over 1,500 pounds should receive 45 pounds of silage daily. Beware of moldy silage. A small quantity may not be injurious, but if the cow eats very much, digestive disorders will follow.

Some young people, considering their upbringing, could not exist on a restricted income, for fortunately they are in a small minority. Love laughs not only at locksmiths, but at financial fire-barred gates. The world would soon present a sorry spectacle if a large income were essential to married happiness. Some people could be happy on nothing; others unhappy on a million. Artemus Ward said: "Let us all be happy and live within our means, even if we have to borrow the money to do it with." It is all a matter of upbringing.—London Daily Express.

Established 1758

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

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Saturday, October 29, 1921

With the calling off of the railroad strike a great disaster has been averted, for a time at least, for it would be idle to assert that the trouble is entirely settled. Railroad wages are still far too high, and undoubtedly there will be other efforts to reduce them within a comparatively short time. What the result then will be remains to be seen. However, let us be thankful that we can breathe more freely for a time.

There are many things that contributed to bring about the suspension of the railroad strike. Perhaps the one thing that was of the greatest influence on the Brotherhood leaders was the almost unanimous public sentiment against it. The leaders recognized the fact that a great strike could not possibly be successful with the public united against it. Then, too, there was every indication that the whole force of the United States government would be aligned to break the strike. Moreover, the large number of men out of employment gave evidence of a large field of eager applicants for the jobs that would be made vacant when the workers left their posts. The Brotherhood leaders took a wise course when they called the strike off, and saved their own members, as well as the general public, much suffering.

Strange as it may seem to say it, the country has not yet seen enough of hard times. Manufacturers and producers are still hoping that as soon as demand revives a little prices can be quickly shoved back to the high point of the days immediately following the war. One of the greatest handicaps to the cities has been the high cost of building, not only of lumber, but of labor and materials as well. There has been a slight reduction in the prices of lumber, still far above the pre-war period, and with other minor reductions, coupled with the urgent demand for greater housing accommodations, there was a little stimulus in building. The revived demand for lumber has this week encouraged the West Coast lumber men to shove prices up on an average for all grades of ten per cent. In many other lines, in fact in practically all lines, the controlling interests are simply waiting for a revival of trade to push the prices up. The idea is wholly wrong, and will result in immediate death to any slight revival of prosperity. The aim of all manufacturers, producers, middlemen and retailers must be to get their prices down to the lowest possible level and hold them there. In that way only can business look for any substantial revival.

DEMOCRATIC OBSTRUCTION

The Democrats who used to talk about the obstructive methods of the Republicans in the last Congress, should contemplate the factious opposition made by Democratic senators to the signing of the peace treaty with Germany.

Of course a man who sincerely believed that the Versailles treaty should be ratified, has a right to that conviction. But he can be defied to show the least practical good that could now come from delaying any further the establishment of peace with Germany. To engage in war for a year and a half, and then take three years to get peace signed, and fail to ratify a simple treaty when it is brought home, has made our country ridiculous and accomplished nothing.

It has retarded the return of normal peace conditions, it put us at a disadvantage with other powers who are already trading with Germany. It accomplished nothing toward getting us into the league of nations or would not help those who want the Versailles treaty ratified, to get that thing done.

The country has been sick and tired of the interminable debate over the making of this peace, and nothing better has been in sight than signing the simple treaty negotiated by Secretary Hughes, and making a fresh start on the problem of international relations.

A tremendous mistake was made at the outset when the matter of negotiating peace, and creating an international association, were bound up in one document. The two things were entirely different propositions. Both were queered when President Wilson attempted to tie them both together, thus killing both unless he could accomplish his way on both.

The country is grateful to the minority of Democrats who have finally helped get peace signed, but unfortunately the majority of them still felt they had to follow a path of futile obstruction.

EARNING AND SAVING

A multitude of young people are starting out for a business education in these days, and a lot of them are spending considerable time and money on it. Many of them think that if they learn stenography or bookkeeping or other useful branches, they have solved the heart of the problem. But these details are not the essential thing in commercial life.

Business means the gathering and accumulation of capital, and success is never achieved unless the income has exceeded the outgo and there is a balance left for growth and development. The pupil who has not learned to earn and save money has missed the fundamental thing.

The young person who comes to a school with money he has accumulated by his own toil and saved through his own self denial, has accomplished more than any teacher in the school can impart to him. He may feel that he is handicapped because he has had to make his own way, working while others were playing. But the fellow whose father pays all the bills, who has never developed and tried out his power to save, will get less out of the school, because he has not acquired the fundamental element in business.

That boy is an experiment, because he may not have the accumulative power even though he may stand high in his studies. The boy who has paid his own way, has demonstrated his grasp of the fundamentals, and he is more likely to win the attention of business men who are looking for the qualities that he possesses.

Business education should start on the day the child begins to earn his own money. Some part of the first earned dime should go to the penny bank. When once that habit has become fixed, the heart of business attainment has been reached.

MANUAL LABOR

It has been noted in cities where unemployed men have resorted, that many of them are not willing to take up the heavier tasks of manual labor. The man who takes that attitude gives the impression that he is not very anxious to work, and the public may not have much sympathy for him. Still there are many men who have always worked indoors, who would be physically unable to work in the fields or dig in the dirt.

It is an unfortunate thing that the indoor worker loses the physical ability to do active forms of manual labor. The strong and vigorous mechanic, who in times of dull times in the factories, is willing to take hold at any kind of a job, has a resource that will tide him over many periods of business depression. He commands warm respect for his willingness to take hold of anything. It is exceedingly desirable that people should so far as possible retain this ability to do hard work. It keeps them young and it promotes good physical condition.

A great many office and indoor workers would be better off if they would make more effort to perform manual tasks. Those who make it their habit to mow their own lawns, who dig in their gardens and the like, not merely save considerable expense and raise some valuable food products, but they have kept themselves from physical decay.

The business man who feels that he must turn over to some laborer the hard work about his place, may save a few minutes of his valuable day. But he is giving up the habit of physical activity that is worth more to him than the little time he has saved.

Man was made to labor with his hands in the open air. Those who entirely give up the habit drift away from the life that nature intended for them. Sooner or later they pay a penalty therefor.

THE BUSINESS GIRL'S DRESS

Many people feel that young women spend too much on their clothes, and the one who uses her entire income for personal adornment comes in for unfavorable comment. Her course is defended by many girls who feel that only in that way can a young woman get attention. If she is dowdy, and dull and drab, she does not succeed either socially or in business. Also most girls feel that the only way to compel the attention of men and make a good marriage, is to dress stylishly.

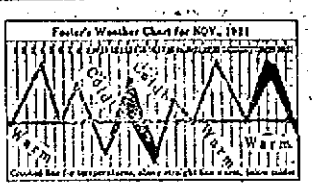
There is something in both points of view and the bright girl will choose the golden mean. The unattractive woman is handicapped. There is something in good clothes that does win respect and create interest.

But many girls carry style so far that their employers consider them extravagant, and hence think them unfit for business responsibility. They are more apt to obtain the attention of flashy suitors than to win the regard of substantial men.

Many girls seem to feel not merely that they must have stylish clothes, but they must have a large variety of the same. Free spending by young women entered largely into the carnival of extravagance that nearly ruined the country last year. Many business girls nowadays look forward to enterprises of their own, and they need a foundation of savings to start with. A few attractive clothes would be a better asset than such a variety that suggests extravagance.

In these times many girls make their own dresses, so that frequently they do not spend so much as people think. The girl who has learned to make pretty and stylish clothes for herself is entitled to the benefit of her skill, and she does not commonly spend unreasonably.

Colonel Harold A. Peckham has been elected chairman of the Park Commission.



WEATHER BULLETIN.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 29, 1921.

We are into a new weather deal that will continue five or six months. During first month of these weather periods not much change from the previous period usually occur; but two severe storms in the coming November, during the weeks centering on 14 and 28, will cause a greater change than is usual for the first month of this kind of weather period.

I am compelled to frequently repeat that all these storms move eastward and not in the direction that the wind blows. Storms are divided into warm, storm waves, cool waves.

First third of November temperatures will average a little above normal, second below, and last third more above normal than the first; the month from about to above. Generally precipitation will be less than usual, greatest during the weeks centering on 14 and 28. Locations of moisture will not change much from average of past four months. Highest temperatures of November will reach meridian 90 near 3, 8, 13, 23, 30; lowest near 6, 11, 16, 26, Dec. 1.

Top growth of cotton is expected to suffer from severe killing frosts during week centering on Nov. 16 and northern Winter grain get a setback from severe freezing. That blizzard will be inspired by a combination conspiracy against our poor little Earth by Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn and the Moon. These solar system captains possess long-range electro-magnetic guns that shoot into our northern magnetic pole the stuff that lightning is made of, a matter composed of condensed ether of space, which radiates from our magnetic north pole, comes down thru the high, up thru the low of our storms, causing our weather changes, all for the purpose of distributing these other conditions throughout our Earth, as this building material, on its way to feed the Sun, feeds our Earth thru vegetable and animal life, only the more refined particles passing on to the great center of the solar system.

A warm wave is due on meridian 90 near Nov. 3, followed by a moderate storms and cold wave, then another similar series reaching meridian 90 near Nov. 8, then in the next series look out for the blizzard.

No change in advice to farmers and dealers.

Mrs. Lyman H. Barker is critically ill at her home on Gardner street. Her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Smith, have moved in from their home in Middletown to be with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Hunt have returned from their wedding trip and will move into their new home on Greenough Place as soon as it can be made ready for occupancy.

The concert by the Weir-Jeter Trio in Masonic Hall last Monday evening was well attended, and the audience enjoyed a musical program of rare merit.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

Weekly Calendar OCTOBER, 1921

STANDARD TIME.

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High Water Morn.	High Water Eve.
29 Sat	6 14	4 41	1 33	5 47	6 12
30 Sun	6 15	4 40	rets	6 31	7 50
31 Mon	6 18	4 41	3 34	7 21	7 41
1 Tues	6 18	4 40	5 07	8 06	8 50
2 Wed	6 19	4 39	6 34	8 52	9 18
3 Thurs	6 20	4 37	7 45	9 37	10 05
4 Fri	6 21	4 35	8 39	10 25	10 56

New moon, October 1st, 7.27 morning.
1st quarter, October 8th, 3.12 evening.
Full moon, October 16th, 6.01 evening.
Last quater, October 23d, 11.33 evening.
New moon, October 30th, 6.40 evening.

Deaths.

In this city, on Saturday, October 22d, after a lingering illness, Frances Minturn Hall, youngest daughter of the late David Priestly and Catherine Minturn Hall, of New York City.

In this city, suddenly, 22d inst., Patrick Hayes.

In this city, 22d inst., Mary Gorrie.

In this city, 24th inst., Alfred Simmons, in his 65th year.

In this city, 27th inst., Johanna L., widow of the late Timothy R. Keating.

In this city, 21th inst, Burrell S. Lewis.

In Jamestown, Oct. 21, Job S. Ellis, in his 77th year.

At the Rhode Island Hospital, Providence, R. I., 24th inst., Mildred Frances Brayman.

In Providence, 21st inst., Charles Fitzsimmons, in his 76th year.

BLOCK ISLAND

(From our regular correspondent)

Captain Darius B. Dodge

On Saturday, October 15, at 12.30 p. m., Block Island lost one of her oldest and most distinguished citizens, when Captain Darius B. Dodge passed into the realms of that great undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller ever returns. Not only a Captain and master mind in maritime circles, but one of the greatest captains of industry that the town of New Shoreham, his native land, has ever known. It is probable, beyond all reason of doubt, that no man, woman or child on Block Island would fail to recognize this name, so long has it been a household word in the community.

"Capt. Wright," as he was familiarly known and called by his friends and hundreds of tourists from all over the country, was a man of great will power and undaunted courage, fearless, quick to perceive and quick to act, but he possessed a heart whose boundaries for charity knew no limitations.

For nearly forty years judges, lawyers, doctors and statesmen from all sections of the country, while enjoying their annual summer vacations at Block Island, never failed to pay a visit to the Island Drug Store and spend a few pleasant hours in chatting with Capt. Dodge.

Darius B. Dodge was born at Block Island Sept. 27, 1844, the son of Joshua and Lucretia R. (Dodge) Dodge, and received his education in the schools of his birthplace. At the age of twelve years his school attendance ceased and he began life as a fisherman. In the course of time he became a pilot on a vessel plying between Vineyard Haven and New York, and later was employed in the same capacity on a ship making voyages between New York and Liverpool. Subsequently he served as second mate on a brig engaged in the West Indian trade, and in the course of the ensuing years was associated with all kinds of coasting trade.

At one time Captain Dodge was captain of a wrecking company operating from Point Judith up the Sound, and while thus engaged made large profits. He also served three years and nine months as captain of the Life Saving Station at the Harbor. At the expiration of that time, Capt. Dodge retired from the sea and established himself in the drug business with which he was identified until his death. For one year he served as a member of the General Assembly, and for the past thirty-five years has been a member of the State Board of Pilot Commissioners. He was also a representative of the Board of Underwriters (Marine) of New York and of Lloyds (Marine) of Liverpool of England. Capt. Dodge was a charter member and one of the founders of Atlantic Lodge No. 31, F. & A. M., of Block Island and also affiliated with the following: Newport Chapter, Royal Arch Masons; Washington Commandery, Knights Templar, and Palestine Temple, Ancient Arabic Order of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, of Providence.

The career of Capt. Dodge has been a varied one, including many experiences in foreign waters as well as in those of his own country. His calling, for a long period, led him far from home, but everywhere he rendered faithful service and reaped results of permanent value. His Native Island numbered him among her most useful and honored citizens and true to the tenets of his belief he "lived respected and died regretted."

Capt. Dodge married in 1869 Lodosea O. Dodge, daughter of Gideon and Cordelia (Willis) Dodge, the former a sea captain and the latter a daughter of Dr. Willis, who was a member of a very prominent family.

Captain and Mrs. Dodge were the parents of one daughter, Nettie M., who became the wife of Elmer H. Day, an associate of Capt. Dodge in the management of the drug store until his death in 1915. Mr. Day died, leaving one son, Darius Brainard Day, who was born in 1900. The Captain's daughter, Mrs. Nettie M. Day, and his grandson, D. Brainard Day, are the immediate members of the family who survive him; as does also one brother, Wm. Talbot Dodge, the noted pilot. Other brothers and sisters, deceased, were Uriah, Joshua Truman, Ida and Lucretia.

The funeral services, which were held on Tuesday, October 18, at the First Baptist Church, were preceded by prayer at the home by Dr. Horace A. Roberts. The remains were escorted to the church by the members of Atlantic Lodge, No. 31, A. F. & A. M., the bearers being Capt. Samuel R. Littlefield, Capt. William F. Hooper of the Green Hill Coast Guard Station, Senator Ray G. Lewis, Winfield S. Dodge, Edward P. Champlin and Captain Thaddeus Ball. At the church, by special request, Dr. Roberts conducted the Episcopal funeral service, after which prayer was offered by Rev. Alice Haire of the Center Methodist church. Dr. Roberts then gave a brief talk on the life and successful career of Captain Dodge and spoke very cheerfully to the mourners, imparting words of consolation, sympathy and advice in his remarks.

During the services the Arnold trio rendered the following vocal selections, "Lead Kindly Light" and "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," and Miss Almeda Littlefield sang "Crossing the Bar," and at the cemetery the Arnold trio sang "The Christian's Good Night," and Dr. Roberts read the beautiful poem, "Just-away."

At the [illegible] rial service was conducted by Atlantic Lodge, No. 31, Free and Accepted Masons.

The results of the Market Whist held in Mohegan Hall last Saturday night were as follows:

Horatio Millikin, one ham; Miss Frances Hayes, strip of bacon; Miss Ethel Allen, 12 lbs. sugar; Ed. Grimes, canned fruit; Capt. Will Teal, vegetables; Miss Edna Sheffield, 3 lbs. coffee; Miss Rubie Willis, box chocolates; Reginald Conley, salmon and salad dressing; Consolations, Mrs. Elsie Ball, Shirley Smith. Harold Littlefield's Center Store was the prize caterer for the evening.

Recent Weddings

Miss Lelia D. Littlefield, daughter of Representative and Mrs. Henry K. Littlefield, of Block Island, and Harold Lawry of New York City.

Miss Marion Mott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Mott, and Arlo C. Littlefield, both of Block Island.

F. Earle Lockwood, for the past seven years associated with Capt. Darius B. Dodge at the Island Drug Store, will open a drug and prescription department in the Public Market building on Main street in the near future.

Installation

Mohegan Council, No. 16, O. U. A. M., held their annual installation of officers in Mohegan Hall last Tuesday night. Preceding the installation, several candidates were initiated. State Deputy Amasa Bicknell of Woonsocket installed the following officers:

Councillor—Clarence H. Lewis.
Vice Councillor—Emerson Mitchell.
Examiner—Arthur Rose.
Inducter—Merton Mott.
Recording Secretary—Burton Dodge.
Financial Secretary—Charles A. Hall.
Inside Protector—Morris Negus.
Outside Protector—Winfield A. Conley.
Trustees—Frank Mott, Arthur Rose, Merton Mott.
Captain Degree Team—Arthur Rose.

At the conclusion of the official ceremonies a roast beef supper was served under the direction of Joseph Martin.

Roll Call

The annual roll call and supper of the First Baptist Church was held at the church last Wednesday afternoon and evening. During the evening services were conducted by Dr. Horace A. Roberts, the pastor, assisted by Rev. Mr. Christopher of the Second Baptist Church of Newport, R. I.

J. Eugene Littlefield, 2d, and Fred Benson have opened a new automobile repair shop in the shop formerly conducted by the late Alvin Ernst.

THE PARTNERSHIP SPIRIT

Postmaster General Hayes in a recent address, said that he proposed to go to great lengths to develop the idea that the 300,000 workers in the post office department are partners in the enterprise. He is trying to make all of this vast body of workers feel that their individual needs will receive personal attention, and that they have an interest in giving good service. If that spirit can be instilled into the postal service, it must greatly improve its morale and the class of work it will do for the community.

If a vast and overgrown machine like the postal service, can produce a feeling of enthusiasm and loyalty among its workers, it should be possible to accomplish even better results in the ordinary business enterprise. Where this is done the result must be to improve service and increase production.

The workers in any well managed industry are always partners. They share prosperity. If the employes work with superior skill and energy, the concern becomes better able to reward its helpers generously and almost always it does so.

PEACE WITH GERMANY

The American people are mighty glad that after three years bickering, our statesmen have been able to get together and agree on some kind of a treaty with Germany. People may not be wholly satisfied with the deal. But no possible end is gained by continuing a technical state of war that exists only in dreamland.

Our folks in this country are magnanimous and forget wrongs quickly, if others show reciprocal spirit. If the Germans will quit their war talk and cultivate the arts of peace, they will make friends fast enough. If they still cherish ideas of dominating the world, they will find that their every motion is watched and the world will be in league against them.

Fleas Travel on Fleas.

A new "flea's flea" with an adventurous life history was described for the first time at a recent meeting of the Royal Microscopical society in London. The discoverer, F. Martin Duncan, F. R. M. S., explained that it started life in the underground nest of the humble bee. These nests are raided by moles, and during the assault the little mites attach themselves by means of suckers to the mole's parasite, the "great mole flea." These tiny pin points of life are obscure cousins to the scorpion, and it is believed that they travel on the mole flea until they come across a certain underground fungus, where they feed and mature.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Power Tests Character.

Nothing discloses real character like the use of power. It is easy for the weak to be gentle. Most people can bear adversity. But if you wish to know what a man really is, give him power. This is the supreme test. It is the glory of Lincoln that, having almost absolute power, he never abused it, except on the side of mercy. [illegible] not to inflame, not to up[illegible] to [illegible] ent [illegible] courage, the [illegible] nation.—Robert [illegible] Inge[illegible].

Nitrates From Explosives.

A plant has been established near Turin, Italy, for the transformation of explosives into nitrates for agricultural uses. These explosives are to be gathered from the battlefields to the value of 1,000,000 lire, and their products combined with other materials for the production of fertilizers. The factory now employs 250 men and is expected to produce 30,000 quintals of fertilizers, containing 15 per cent azote, within a short time, according to a report of Consul Dana C. Sycks.

The Days of Long Ago.

North—Poor Jack is about down and out.

West—But he was a wonderful toastmaster!

BOSTON MARKET REVIEW

For week ending October 21st, 1921

(Prepared by U. S. Bureau of Markets and Crop Estimates)

DAIRY AND POULTRY PRODUCTS

Most of the dealers have been expecting, and the consumers hoping that egg prices would not reach the levels of previous years, but if prices keep advancing as rapidly and steadily as they have the past two weeks, they will soon be as high as last season. Nearby and western eggs have both been unusually short, in view of the large stocks of poultry and earlier season, and while pullet eggs have been increasing, it appears as though there was little hope of any relief unless trade in general turn to storage goods, which are offering at what are really lower prices than conditions warrant. Really fine storage eggs can be purchased at retail below 60c, the wholesale market ranging 55-59c, and with nearby and western henneries selling up to 75-83c at wholesale, it is both good sense and economy to purchase the cheaper goods. Many people do not realize that fine storage eggs can hardly be told from the good fresh receipts, and there is little reason for paying such a premium for a name.

Butter trade has also turned quite generally to goods purchased last summer during the season of large production and low prices, and this has helped to prevent any further advance in prices for fresh goods. The prospect of a railroad strike brought many buyers onto the market early in the week, but most of them now have good supplies and the feeling is easier. Fancy northern goods have been more plentiful due to cooler weather and lighter demand for milk, and tubs have held steady at 45-46c. Print butter has been plentiful for the first time for several months and this is easier at 50-52c. Ordinary western grades are unchanged at 35-45c.

The close of the Jewish holidays and consequent turning of demand from poultry to other meats has made live birds go slow and accumulate with a resulting drop in prices.

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

Trading in fruits and vegetables has been quiet this past week with no marked price changes. Cabbage, grapefruit and sweet potatoes were slightly lower, onions and tomatoes higher, while other lines remained practically steady.

Apple receipts continued fairly heavy, but cheaper grades are cleaning up and the surplus of good stock is going into cold storage. Maine No. 1 McIntosh remained steady at 7.00-9.00 and Baldwins at 5.00-6.00 a barrel. Nova Scotia No. 1 Kings brought 5.50-6.00 a barrel.

Native green beans were steady at 1.00-1.75 a bushel with fancy, tender beans selling as high as 3.00 a bushel. Native beets were steady at 50c-1.00, and carrots at 75c-1.00 a bushel. Cabbage was 25c lower, native white cabbage selling 1.75-2.00 a barrel, Savoy 1.25-1.50, and New York State Danish cabbage at 2.00-2.25 a barrel. Native cauliflower was unchanged at 50c-1.00 a bushel, while celery was slightly higher at 1.25-1.75 a bushel box, with good Pascal celery bringing as high as 2.50 a box.

Cape Cod cranberries were firm at 5.50-7.00 per 1-2 barrel box. New York State Concord grapes were steady at 1.60-1.75 per 12 quart basket. Florida grapefruit was plentiful and in slow demand. Most of it was green and brought 3.00-4.00 a box, while the best Indian River fruit brought as high as 5.50 a box.

Connecticut Valley onions were scarce and higher, selling 5.00-5.25 per 100-lb. sack. Shippers were holding firm at 5.00 per bag for carlots f. o. b. shipping point. Aroostook County potatoes advanced slightly to 1.90-2.10 per 100 lb. sack. The increased demand was due in part to the fact that dealers, chain stores and others are stocking up in anticipation of the threatened railroad strike. New York City dealers in particular are buying heavily.

Winter squash was plentiful and slightly lower. Maine State Blue Hubbard brought 50.00-65.00 per ton, Green Hubbard 35.00-40.00 per ton, and New York State marrow 20.00-25.00 per ton. Sweet potatoes were plentiful and 50c lower, Virginia stock selling at 3.50-3.75 a barrel, and North Caroline sweets at 2.00.

Native spinach was firm at 40c-50c a bushel. Tomatoes were in good demand, and 1.00 higher at 1.50-4.00 a bushel. Canadian rutabaga turnips were unchanged at 2.00-2.25 per 140 lb. sack.

Mrs. George O. Robinson of Pasadena, Cal., speaking at the annual meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal church, Providence, R. I., said that the Christian church has unrivalled means of using its power against war. She stated that concerted action on its part will convince the world that the Christian church is impregnably founded upon the Ten Commandments, the Golden Rule and the teachings of Christ.

Thirteen members of Harvard University have been nominated for Rhodes scholarships at Oxford by Pres. Lowell. Their election will be dependent on the action of the State committees of selection, which have the final authority. In each of 32 States on Dec. 3 a committee will pick one Rhodes scholar for 1922-1923 from among the candidates nominated by the heads of various colleges and universities.

Although the fixing of the spot on Cocos Island in the South Pacific Ocean, where a huge treasure is supposed to be hidden, a party of adventurers, headed by Capt. William F. McGrath, was unable to uncover buried gold because of landslides and lack of equipment. After remaining there for 18 days, the party left, as the supply of provisions was running low. Capt. McGrath returned to Boston and told the details of the unsuccessful search. The party left New York a year ago last August in quest of an immense amount of gold, silver, jewels and plate believed to be buried there on

[illegible]obile fees netted Massachusetts the sum of $4,527,018.75 up to Sept. 30, an increase of $825,000 over the corresponding period for the previous year. Despite the industrial depression and the decline in purchases of motor vehicles, the number of automobile registrations during the present year is about 53,000 in excess of the number for the same period last year. The number of pleasure cars registered up to Sept. 30 is 289,486, as compared with 240,717 for the same period in 1920.

Thousands of gallons of ice cream are being shipped every month from Vancouver to China, the frozen dainty being forwarded in specially constructed containers holding about 500 gallons each. This fact was brought out in the course of an investigation to discover whether the prohibition era had any effect on the sale of ice cream and soft drinks.

E. C. YELLOWLEY

Trying to Turn New York Into a "Dry" Town

E. C. Yellowley is in command of a thousand special agents who are trying to squeeze all illegal dampness out of New York City.

TO END AMERICA'S WATCH ON RHINE

Withdrawal of 15,700 From Coblenz to Begin by Armistice Day and to Proceed Gradually.

Washington.—America's "Watch on the Rhine" is to end. It was announced at the White House that, beginning almost at once, our army of occupation is by degrees to be withdrawn from Germany. Evacuation will be by slow stages and governed principally by the number of returning transport available for the purpose. It is planned to take away the first troops from the Coblenz bridgehead within the next two weeks. That means that by Armistice Day, the third anniversary of the cessation of hostilities with Germany, the process of withdrawing the United States force of 15,000 men and 700 officers will formally have set in.

It probably will be a considerable period before the Stars and Stripes are finally hauled down from Castle Ehrenbreitstein. Although the administration definitely has decided to withdraw the American Army, there is apparently a feeling that at least the skeleton of a United States force should be left at the Rhine bridgehead for some time to come.

The French, in particular, have insisted on the invaluable "moral influence" of the American flag's presence there for the longest possible period. That desire, voiced with eloquence and fervor by Mr. Viviani when in Washington last spring, has become an even more passionate one since the conclusion of a separate peace.

The French say there would be visible evidence that the United States had not "deserted" its war comrades if even a battalion of doughboys remained on the Rhine, shoulder to shoulder with the troops of France, Great Britain and Belgium, who are there to enforce German respect for her peace treaty obligations.

President Harding's assent to the gradual withdrawal of American troops was conceived in a belief that the German people during their period of restoration should not be unduly burdened by the cost of maintenance.

WORLD'S NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

LONDON.—Plans for deporting King Charles to a castle in Spain as soon as his second attempt to regain his throne is frustrated already have been made.

PARIS.—France overawed the Communists of France with a show of force so dazzling that it went a long way toward convincing the Reds that this country offers no fertile field for their plans.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—An undergraduate emergency committee, to train Harvard students in a few days in the rudiments of railroading, began enrolling volunteers to aid New England railroads.

CHICAGO.—Officials of the Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Clerks, Freight Handlers, Express and Station Employees, representing 350,000 men, voted not to authorize a walk-out by their members for the time being.

ORANGE, VA.—Sheriff Bond and Town Sergeant Boyer were shot and killed and two negro bootleggers were burned to death in a barn as a result of the attempt of the posse to capture the negroes after they had murdered the officers. Nine members of the posse were wounded in a three-hour battle.

LONDON.—Representatives of the British government in resuming peace negotiations with the Sinn Fein delegates here made it plain to the republicans that the message of Eamon de Valera to the Pope, denying allegiance to King George, was nothing short of insult. The press also severely criticised De Valera.

CHICAGO.—Completion of the strike vote in the packing industry taken by the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen was announced here by C. J. Hayes, president. He said the poll stood 35,354 ayes and 3,409 nays.

A 10-pound baby boy was born in the patrol wagon of the East Dedham st. Station, Boston, while every effort was being made to reach the city hospital. The mother of the child collapsed at Dover and Washington st. As the case demanded immediate action, the wagon was sent to the scene.

EX-KING AND HIS WIFE CAPTURED

Charles Reported Taken Prisoner With Troops After Sanguinary Battle.

FORCED TO RENOUNCE CLAIMS

Ex-Emperor's Second Attempt to Regain Hungarian Throne Fails When His Troops Are Driven Back In Five-Hour Battle.

Budapest.—Ex-Emperor Charles and ex-Empress Zita were captured near Komorn and are now confined in the castle at Tata Tovaros, guarded by two companies of government troops.

Colonel Oestenburg's troops covering the retreat of the former rulers, were forced to surrender, and are prisoners.

Charles and Zita were captured near Komorn. Zita pleaded piteously to be allowed to go back to her children, but her plea was politely, though firmly, refused. The former royal couple were taken to the mansion of Count Esterhazy at Tata Tovaros, where they are being carefully guarded until the powers decide what is to be done with them.

The Monarchist troops, in attempting to open the way for the entry of ex-King Charles to the Hungarian capital, were defeated in hand-to-hand fighting, in which grenades were used.

Near Tata to Varos, about 35 miles from Budapest, they lost 200 killed and about 1,000 wounded.

The Budapest garrison as a unit, is supporting Admiral Horthy, the Regent.

Students' organizations are arming and hurrying to the front, which is now Belre Bleske, much further westward. In this district the ex-ruler and the members of his new cabinet were camping.

Charles was menaced in the rear by the advancing West Hungarian insurgents led by Baron Pronay, deadly enemy of Colonel Oestenburg, commander of the Monarchist forces, and who has promised to shoot the Kurlist plotters if he captures them.

The former king sent a plenipotentiary to Admiral Horty and discussions lasting several hours were carried on, both parties were obstinate and bloodshed has aggravated the situation.

Admiral Horthy agreed to call a truce on condition the Royalist troops be disarmed, that Major Oestenburg be arrested and that Stephan Rakovsky and Count Ardrassy, leaders of Charles' provisional Cabinet, be interned. General Hegedue, the ex-King's envoy, however, left without accepting these conditions, whereup Admiral Horthy's forces were ordered to attack.

The Carlist army, when it found itself unable to make progress, sought to retreat, and finally broke through the lines on the rearward side of the attacking circle, withdrawing to Komorn, with the Constitutionalists following up the retreat.

Earlier in the day the Carlists had progressed as far as Bleske, between Tata-Tovaros and Budapest. Here the royalist army was encircled and its capture imminent until the troops broke through.

The constitutionalist forces numbered about 20,000 against approximately 10,000 followers of the former monarch.

Admiral Horthy, the Hungarian regent, said he was determined to capture Charles and deliver him to the British military commission, which would find a suitable "Isle of St. Helena" for him.

At Steinamanger, where the garrison went over to the former king, a number of officers whose faith in the king wavered were imprisoned. Count Andrassy, Deputy Rakowsky and Prince Windisch-Graetzz, of the monarchist cabinet, were posted by the government as dangerous rebels.

Rumanians are asserted to be crossing the Transylvanian border, and Jugo-Slav and Czecho-Slovak forces are in readiness to march into Hungary if necessity arises. The Czecho-Slovakian mobilization is said to comprise 350,000 additional men.

A Reuter dispatch says that Count Andrassy has been arrested. Warrants for the arrest of Rakovsky, Lehar and other Kurlist leaders have been issued.

PLANS OF REDS A FIZZLE

France Makes Formidable Display of Force in Paris.

Paris.—For the first time since the armistice troops were called out Sunday. Cavalry forces are barring all the streets giving access to the United states embassy and chancellory, making the most formidable display of force in Paris since the Ferrer riots a decade ago. Ten thousand police barricaded the city defenses at the Neuilly gates, preventing 25,000 Syndicalists from entering the city.

AUMIRAL BEATTY WELCOMED

Will Act as Naval Adviser to British Disarmament Delegates.

Washington.—Admiral Lord David Beatty, who became famous for the part he took in the Battle of Jutland and who at the head of the British and allied fleets held command of the North Sea in the last two years of the war, arrived in New York as a guest of the American Legion. He will act as naval adviser to the British delegates at the coming Disarmament Conference.

Miss Linda J. Richards, who is the oldest nurse in America to graduate from an American training school, has retired from active duty and is making her home with Mr. and Mrs. Philip M. Brown, Foxboro, Mass. She was born in a Western State, but when quite young, her parents moved to Vermont and lived in Lyndon and Danville.

MISS ANN GORDON

Will Lead In Entertaining Arms Conference Delegates

Miss Ann Gordon, daughter of Mrs. George Barnett, wife of Major General Barnett, former chief of the United States Marine corps, will take a leading part in the pageant in Washington for the arms conference delegates.

$15,000,000 BOOZE PERMIT SCHEME BARED

Charged With Conspiring to Defraud the United States by Fraudulent Papers.

Philadelphia.—An alleged conspiracy by which liquor valued at nearly $15,000,000 was withdrawn from distilleries in many states through the issuance of fraudulent permits was revealed by high prohibition officers, who announced that warrants had been issued for the arrest of two former officials in the office of W. C. McConnell, director of federal prohibition enforcement in Pennsylvania.

The warrants were issued at the request of United States District Attorney Coles for A. F. Slater, former secretary to Mr. McConnell, and Hiram W. Benner, formerly agent in charge of permits for liquor withdrawals. Both are charged with conspiring with others to defraud the United States by means of fraudulent permits.

According to prohibition officers here, the permits were issued promiscuously when it became known in Washington radical changes were to be made in the enforcement personnel of Pennsylvania. Stores were said to have been withdrawn from distilleries in New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana and Pennsylvania, some of which were captured by New York and Philadelphia enforcement agents before they could be delivered.

One shipment of 700 barrels of alcohol, containing 35,000 gallons, was seized in New York city, it was announced.

The value of this shipment alone would exceed $500,000, based on the prevailing price of alcohol, and the bootleggers' price, the authorities said, would put its ultimate value beyond $1,000,000. Officials declared the government tax on this shipment would exceed $150,000.

LATEST EVENTS AT WASHINGTON

Neither the House nor the Senat Finance Committee has proposed any change in existing normal tax rates and in view of the need of revenue the present rate may stand.

Chiefs of the four railroad brotherhoods are looking to President Harding for a solution of the strike problem, according to reliable sources of information at Washington.

Appointment of Charles Scott, Jr., of Philadelphia, as vice chairman in charge of finances of the Central Committee of the American Red Cross, was announced at national headquarters at Washington.

That President Harding and the Interstate Commerce Commission are now in accord on the question of rate reductions is the significant conclusion drawn from the decision of the commission in declaring rates and grain, grain products and hay between points in the Western and Mountain-Pacific groups to be unreasonable high.

Admiral Lord David Beatty, General Armando Diaz, Lt. Gen. Baron Jacques and Maj. Gen. Kunishige Tanaka of Japan, arrived at Washington, early comers for the conference on the limitation of armaments.

Announcement was made that notice of formal ratification of the peace treaties had been forwarded to Berlin and Vienna.

An armored, all-metal monoplane known as the JL-12, carrying thirty machine guns and designed for attacking infantry, intrenched or in the open, arrived at Bolling Field. The plane will be inspected by army and navy officials. It flew to Washington from Hicksville, N. Y., without mishap.

Senator Curtis, of Kansas, was appointed chairman of the Rates Committee.

Testifying at the trial of Miss Esther Levin, 18, charged with illegal possession of liquor, officers of the Worcester, Mass., liquor squad said that at the time they saw the girl selling a pint of liquor, she told them she had the alcohol in the house to "rub her back with" and declared it was her first sale.

WAR ALARMS STARTLE EUROPE

Return of Hapsburg Ruler to Budapest, Hungary, Threatens to Involve Central Europe.

CHINA'S NOTE TO JAPAN

Battle Between Royalist and Horthy Forces at Budaner—Berlin, Paris and London Alarmed—Restlessness Growing in Europe.

London.—An exchange telegraph dispatch from Vienna states that the troops sent by Regent Horthy have repulsed the advance guard of Emperor Karl. The clash occurred at Budaner, in the vicinity of Budapest.

Emperor Karl's forces are reported now to consist of three divisions under command of General Hegedues.

Telephone communication between Vienna and Budapest has been stopped, and one report says that Karl has reached Budapest.

Berlin.—War has raised its head again in Central Europe. This time the "powder keg" is the land of Hungary.

Undaunted by his former fiasco, apparently unafraid of threats of the big or little entente, ex-King Charles was reported to be nearing Budapest.

Charles has staked everything on his new attempt to regain his lost throne.

From the blue depths of the skies he came, alighting on the soil of his own country from the airplane which bore him on the first leg of his novel adventure.

Dr. Graetz, according to reports, is the brains and director general of Charles's new coup.

Graetz was Foreign Minister when Charles made his first sensational entry into Hungary last spring, and he then resigned his office as a protest against the Budapest government. Graetz was not expecting the former king at this time, however, it is reported.

News of Charles' second entry has caused the fall of the Budapest government. The new cabinet is said to include Apponyi, well known in America, and Rakovsky and former Premier Friedrich.

The general feeling prevailing in Berlin is that Central Europe is on the eve of a new crisis.

Dr. Karl Renner, now in Berlin, declared that certain persons in unofficial positions, but very high in French and British diplomatic circles and prominent in Italy were behind the former emperor. Dr. Renner frankly declared that he feared the incident would result in civil war in Austria.

Trouble in Many Quarters

London.—The chancelleries of the continent are gravely perturbed at the attempted Hapsburg restoration, and the first symptoms of war fever are apparent.

Lord Curzon's department got word that Karl has arrived at Budapest.

It is commonly believed that England is on the verge of resumption of war with Ireland. Germany is plunged into a great political crisis because of the resignation of the Wirth cabinet.

In France Communism is raising its head. In Portugal cabinet members have been assassinated by reactionaries. Bulgarian War Minister Dimitroff was shot dead.

In Spain the throne of King Alfonso is tottering, while his army attempts to retrieve the Moroccan disaster.

Italy may well be convulsed as a result of the subterranean support alleged to have been given by her foreign minister to the return of Emperor Karl to Budapest.

Reports credit Jugo-Slavia, Czecho-Slovakia and Rumania with making preparations to expel Karl.

The war alarms extend even beyond Europe. London learned that an ugly situation has arisen in the Far East, due to China sending a note to Japan which is tantamount to an ultimatum regarding Shantung. The terms of China's last reply to Japan include:

The Japanese claims which it is desired to negotiate are highly objectionable and never have been recognized. It is only proper that the entire Japanese army should now be immediately evacuated.

The approach of the Christmas season was marked by the arrival in Boston of about three thousand tons of German toys in the holds of the American steamer Deranof from Hamburg and Bremerhaven. Part of the shipment will be unloaded here and the remainder at Philadelphia.

TROUBLED WITH PIMPLES 4 YEARS

Also Ringworm. Had To Give Up Work. Cuticura Healed.

"I was troubled with pimples and ringworm for about four years. My face looked so bad that I was ashamed to go in public, and had to give up my work for a while. I tried everything I heard tell of and nothing seemed to do me any good. A friend advised me to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment and after using three cakes of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Miss Annie Fletcher, 56 Merrill St., Portland, Me., July 19, 1920.

Make Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum your every-day toilet preparations and keep your skin healthy.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. R, Malden 48, Mass." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c.

Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

The Savings Bank of Newport, R. I.

INCORPORATED 1819

DEPOSITS

October 14, 1920	October 14, 1921	Increase
$11,413,606.69	$12,170,081.74	$756,475.06

At 4 1-2% per annum

G. P. TAYLOR, Treas.

MANY A WIDOW HAS LOST ALL

her money by putting it in some risky speculative scheme.

Safe investment with a fair yield is afforded you by the Industrial Trust Company, which invites your account.

4 Per Cent. Interest paid on Participation Accounts

THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY

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EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

SIMON KUSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232½ Thames Street Branch, 16 Broadway

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CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECT.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY

INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

All Orders Promptly Attended to

CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

All Goods are Pure Absolutely

NEWS HAPPENINGS OF GENERAL INTEREST

Items Gleaned From All Parts of New England

Marshal Foch has informally accepted the invitation of Gov. Cox to visit Massachusetts. It is expected that Marshal Foch will arrive in New York, Oct. 29, and will come to Boston a short time later.

The New Bedford Weavers Protective Association, with a membership of more than 2,000, voted to affiliate with the other independent textile organizations of the country, which propose to form an alliance.

A 'coon hunting party, consisting of John D. Latham, Dick Cahill, Wallace A. Howes, Tom Fleming and Tom Doyle, near Pelham, Mass., shot a raccoon, which, while possessing all the markings of raccoons including the ringed tail, was of exactly the color of a red fox.

Director William C. Adams of the Massachusetts division of fisheries and game of the state department of conservation, in announcing the opening of the season on upland game, calls the special attention of the gunners to the fact that hen pheasants cannot be killed this year.

Seeking damages of $1,000,000, Mrs. Derrit Van Densen Stevens Woodhouse of Burlington, Vt., has brought suit against Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo E. Woodhouse of Burlington and New York city, claiming that they alienated the affections of her husband, Charles Douglas Woodhouse.

NEW SHIPPING BILL OFFERED

Representative Sweet Would Transfer "White Elephant" to Hoover.

Washington.—Representative Sweet, of Iowa, introduced a bill in the House creating a Bureau of American Merchant Marine in the Department of Commerce and abolishing the Shipping Board. The Director of the Bureau would receive a salary of $10,000.

Secretary of Commerce Hoover and other administration officials have declared themselves against the proposed transfer.

Charles A. Laurier, hailing from Manchester, N. H., and claiming to be a Canadian immigration agent, was arraigned in court on the charge of possession of liquor, and transportation of the same. He was fined $300 and costs of $21, and also the costs of destroying the liquor.

To buy a pig in a poke is bad policy to steal a dozen of them without knowing the pigs may prove fatal. Some one made a haul of guinea pigs from a barn near the State House Providence, where the animals, owned by the state board of health, were being kept for experimental purposes. Two were innoculated with tuberculosis germs; two others with germs of rabies.

Mrs. Mason Johnson of Somerset, Vt., was mauled and bitten by a pet bear in the yard of her home and was taken to the North Adams hospital. She went out to feed the animal, when without warning he rose on his hind feet and bore her to the ground. He tore at her with his sharp claws and finally bit her in the upper part of both legs, severing an artery. The bear was shot.

Superintendent of Schools Frank V. Thompson, speaking before the Charitable Irish Society at the Boston City Club on "Public Education," said that only 5 per cent of the high school students on the select college lists are able to pass entrance examinations. The colleges are overcrowded and the officials are able to pick and choose as they wish, a thing which he considered very undemocratic. He wanted to know what became of the hundreds who were turned away from college last year. He looked on the state university as one solution of the problem of lessening the difficulty of getting to college.

Bound hand and foot with a piece of clothesline and her mouth stuffed with cloth for a gag, Mrs. Antoinette Boldway of Holyoke, Mass., was found lying prostrate in the kitchen of her home. She claims a blond young man entered her home, pointed a revolver at her and told her that if she made any outcry he would kill her baby, which was playing on the floor nearby. He then proceeded to bind and gag her with a clothesline, after which he vanished. He did not attempt any assault on her.

The Girl of the Hall Bedroom

By JESSIE D. FOX.

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If Camilla White had not fallen into his arms, Andy McDonald would never have given her another thought.

He was clumping up the last flight of dark, oil-cloth covered stairs, when he heard a little gasp and then something soft and yielding was flung head first into his arms. He caught her as easily as he had caught the ball when he was fielder, and having set her on her feet gently asked in his big voice with the trace of huskiness in it: "Hurt any?"

She breathed quickly, and answered: "I—I guess you saved my life!" there was just the suggestion of a laugh in that voice that went straight to Andy's heart.

"You see, I must have caught my toe in the oilcloth," she explained.

Andy thought she had the softest, sweetest voice he had heard for a long time. He could not see her face, it was a white blur. But Camilla knew what he looked like very well.

Andy was big with strong shoulders, and a plain, altogether likable face, whose only beauty was its thoughtful gray eyes.

"I think my dinner is forever lost!" Camilla said sadly, stooping to feel about the dark stairs.

They found at last the head of lettuce, the two rolls still in their bag and the lemon that was to help make up the dinner. In the process they said several things to each other, altogether trite and yet somehow most illuminating.

So it was not strange that the second time Andy ran into the occupant of the hall bedrom, he lifted his hat and stopped to talk a minute.

Her face matched her voice very well, although it was neither startlingly pretty nor different. It was a little too pale and the blue eyes were a little tired under the level brows.

The third time they met Andy asked directly: "Would you take a walk with me this afternoon?"

The faintest tinge of color showed through Camilla's white skin and she said—for it was Saturday—"I'd love to!"

They walked along Fifth avenue, stopping before the shop windows to peer in and feeling a part of all the thrill and stir of an afternoon on the avenue.

Camilla's eyes were shining and she was actually prettier each time Andy McDonald looked down at her. He felt in love that afternoon with a soft spoken little stenographer, with a bunch of violets at her waist and eyes that were as blue.

The next Saturday it rained and Camilla hesitated and then knocked at the door on the second floor that bore the card: "Andrew McDonald."

"I thought you might have tea with me, it's such a cold, dismal kind of afternoon," Camilla offered shyly.

At the answering gleam of pleasure in his eyes Camilla hurried up the flight of stairs. She knew it would mean that she must lunch meagerly for 20 cents all the following week, but she bought crumpets and toasted them over her gas burner and a tiny jar of marmalade—and a spray of narcissus to put in the bowl by the window.

She waited for him eagerly and with a queer fluttering expectancy, wondering if he would like her hall bedroom.

At his loud rap she opened her door and smiled at him.

Andy laid down a box of candy as he said: "I brought it for the party," and looked about him curiously.

For it was the oldest hall bedroom he had ever seen. He had imagined a room with a bureau and an iron bed, and enough room just to sit on the one chair. What he saw was a room with two windows and an alcove, a room that looked sunny in spite of the fact that it was raining, because the walls were yellow and charming sunny colored chintz hung at the windows and covered the cushions of the two brown tinted wicker chairs.

Gleaming brass candlesticks were on a table in the corner, a brilliant color print of blue mountain and an icy mountain brook hung over the gray-painted table. A couch under a tumble of cushions, and a black luster bowl held the frail narcissus in the window.

Camilla sitting down at the table pouring tea into clear yellow cups, he suddenly saw as another girl. A girl removed from her own hard struggles by all the beauty of this charming room. Why, she must earn more in a week than he did to have a place like this!

"Do you like my room?" Camilla asked.

"Why, yes, it's great," he answered, but there was no heartiness in his voice, and Camilla wondered if the tea was bad.

When he went at last she flung herself down on the couch and for some unconscious reason choked her sobs in the yellow pillow.

For a month Camilla scarcely saw the owner of the room on the second floor. When she did meet him by chance, he hurried past her with an abrupt "Good morning!" that was worse than chilly.

She wished she didn't live in the same house with him, she wished she didn't have to pass him any more, or hear his footsteps clumping up the stairs.

"Of course, I just liked him," Camilla told herself, and then she took refuge on her couch and scolded herself sternly for the lump in her throat and the ache in her heart.

But once when she climbed the two flights of stairs and saw that Andy's door was open and a strange girl was standing by the black marble mantelpiece her heart seemed to be a piece of lead. She could scarcely drag herself away.

"Oh, do you live on the floor above?" the strange girl asked eagerly. "I've seen your room and it is so pretty—"

Camilla answered, wondering how she could go on talking when the bottom of her little world had dropped out.

"I bought the hangings on Sixth avenue at a sale, and the candlesticks in Allen street for $1.75; you can find some second-hand furniture and paint it yourself; oh, yes, I'll show you how." She smiled wistfully and went on up the stairs.

But the blood thrummed in her ears madly when she heard clumping steps behind her. Camilla turned to see Andy McDonald coming toward her with a bewildered, dawning happiness in his eyes.

"I heard what you said," he began without any introduction. "I had to come back. I thought I'd go away and try to forget you—for I know I couldn't ask a girl with all you had to marry a poor fellow like me—you mean it, Camilla, you've fixed up that room out of nothing?"

He caught her hand and looked down into her eyes.

"Don't you know I love you?"

"But—" she whispered.

"I was ashamed to ask a rich girl to marry me," he said as he took her in his arms.

"Why, Yes, It's Great."

PAID FOR MILK WITH SONG

Correspondent of Youth's Companion Tells of His Brief Acquaintance With Singing Mouse.

Entering an outbuilding one day, writes a correspondent, I saw near a hole in the floor a small, plump mouse, apparently not yet full grown. It seemed scarcely afraid of me and retreated to the hole with so little haste that I wondered whether I could tempt it out again with food.

Going back a few steps to a basin of table scraps, I selected a bit of cheese rind and a morsel of cake. Soon after I had placed the food near the hole the bold little outlaw appeared and ate the cheese. Then as he nibbled the cake he gave me one of the greatest surprises of my life—one that would have amazed me still more if I had not already read of that rare animal, a singing mouse.

The song that proceeded from my little guest as he raised his head from the cake consisted of three notes. The first was low and husky, a guttural sound that lasted only a few seconds, that was followed by a silvery trill on two high notes utterly beyond reach of the human voice and unlike those of any bird or insect I have ever heard. The fairylike song lasted at least ten seconds. Then after a brief rest the mouse repeated it—the brief, low note and the prolonged trill. When I finally moved the mouse withdrew to the hole. Although the food that I often placed there afterward always disappeared, I never saw or heard the mouse again.—Youth's Companion.

Do Your Eyebrows Join?

The old superstition that leads the stage villain to make up with eyebrows that meet over the bridge of his nose as a sign of his fiendish character has been given some color by recent developments in psychopathology.

Physicians have found that mental derangement is frequently accompanied by alterations in the appearance of the eyebrow, and that such variations tend toward the joining eyebrows of the villain of melodrama.

In maniac depressive cases the outer third of the eyebrow is often missing, while dementia praecox is marked by short bushy hairs which fill up the space over the nose.—Popular Science Monthly.

Heard at the Beach.

Girl (in scant bathing suit)—My! How I wish I could always walk around like this.

Her Dad (standing near)—Don't worry, my girl. It will soon come to that if the styles continue to develop along the present lines.

The National Geographic society recently presented the United States government with the title to the last 640 acres of land which complete the "big tree" stands forming Sequoia national park. The park, established to preserve the most massive trees in the world from being converted into lumber, totals 1,916 acres. It was purchased in three sections, during 1916, 1920 and 1921, for a total of $140,330, only $50,000 of which was contributed by the government. The remainder was contributed by the members of the National Geographic society, their friends, and by a tax levy of Tulare county, California.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

AGE ALSO WILL BE SERVED

Youth Has Nothing Like a Leading Place in the Business World of Today.

Youth is lovely, a beautiful thing; but let not the youngsters grow too cocky.

The fact of Col. Washington A. Roebling, eighty-four years old, being elected to the presidency of a big bridge company, has prompted B. C. Forbes, the financial writer, to investigate the truth of the saying that America is a young man's country. It isn't so, he says, according to the Philadelphia Evening Ledger. Big men, he declares, do their best work after they are fifty.

E. H. Gary was past fifty when he took hold of the big job with the United States Steel corporation that he has held for more than twenty years.

Not one important railroad president in the country is less than forty; hardly any less than fifty. Samuel Rea was fifty-eight when he took hold of his present job with the Pennsylvania. Truesdale of the Lackawanna is seventy; Elliott of the Northern Pacific, sixty-one; Lovett of the Harriman lines, sixty-one; Smith of the New York Central, fifty-eight; Willard of the Baltimore & Ohio, sixty.

One of the most powerful bankers in the country, George F. Baker, is in his eighty-second year! Another, A. Barton Hepburn, is seventy-eight.

Though Charles M. Schwab, Henry P. Davidson and Frank A. Vanderlip won fame early (that is, before forty), their greatest work has been done when they could not possibly be classed as chickens.

All of which seems to show that fame, after all, is no cradle snatcher or chicken stealer.

Let the cockerles crow as they may, the wise old roosters still appear to dominate the heap.

PORTABLE HOUSES TO FRANCE

American Lumber Company's Practical Aid to the People of War-Devastated Districts.

Thirty-one hundred portable houses are being sent to northern France and Belgium by one American lumber company; the first shipment left Baltimore on the New Britain recently, says the Christian Science Monitor. The size of the contract is better understood when one realizes that the cost of transporting the $15,000,000 worth of houses, each weighing from forty to sixty tons, will be $4,000,000. Together with the other contracts which preceded and which will follow, this means the transformation of many square miles of landscape, a second transformation since the summer of 1914. Among the ruins of stone cottages many centuries old, wherever a stretch of level ground has been cleared between cellar and shell holes, new, brightly painted frame houses are springing up overnight.

The effect on the peasant of this great change in housing, a leap from the middle ages to the latest development in the quick and cheap, will doubtless be varied. Many doors and many windows will make a difference, and so will walls which are anything but soundproof. But most important will be the question which will come to him as he gazes on his American-made dwelling:

"My house has traveled. Why not I?"

Doughty Pickax Passes.

In the hands of lazy laborers the pickax becomes the irritation, despair or agent of humor of the average observant man. Symbol of toil, properly speaking, shirkers have turned it into mockery of labor because of the carefully calculated leisure with which they swung it. By their methods these ca'canny clock watchers changed the pickax into a visible sign of leisure.

But without knowing it these leisurely pickax wielders were working a change of great importance. They were attracting the attention of men whose business it is in life to see that work is done promptly, efficiently and economically. From these men has come the air hammer or air pick. In its street work a New York company has used one of these new implements with a gasoline engine and air compressors mounted on a large motortruck behind it. Where 15 men were hired to do the street job three are enough to do the work with this instrument.—New York Herald.

Armageddon.

Armageddon exists geographically. Specifically, its location is the great plain of Esdraelon. There it was, long centuries before the birth of Christ, that the Egyptians sought to gain control of Palestine by arms, fighting the battle of Megiddo and taking that city by storm, but failing to subdue the bravely stubborn local princes for many years thereafter. It was there that Gideon triumphed over the Midianites, and Saul over the Philistines; there also that Elijah confounded the prophets of Baal. And there, as well, that General Allenby defeated the Turks in the Holy Land campaign of the recent war.

Dresses From Dogs' Wool.

Women who own dogs can weave jumpers out of the combings of their pets! The originators of this new spinning industry claim that "doggy" clothes are pleasant to wear. The garments are made on the old spinning wheels used by our great-grandmothers. Pekingese combings make light, soft garments of all kinds. Collie wool makes warm socks, and the combings of the retriever cozy mufflers. The combings of the poodle make the elegant waistcoats suitable for winter sports. The wool from big white dogs makes effective hospital garments, while tiny fancy dogs give a fine heavy white yarn.

RUTHLESS WORK OF HUNTERS

Lovers of Wild Life Aroused Over the Wholesale Slaughter of Large Antelope Herd.

Indignation has been aroused among those interested in the conservation of wild animals, over the slaughter by hunters of at least half the antelope in a large herd that makes its home in the open country northwest of Swift Current, Saskatchewan.

The herd lived unmolested for years and at its maximum numbered 300 animals. Hunters began to make clandestine raids on the herd last fall and kept up their depredations during the winter. At the opening of spring not more than 150 antelope were left.

Prong-horn antelope, once rivals of the bison in number on the plains of North America, have been almost exterminated. This is one of the few wild herds remaining on the continent. When the Hudson's Bay company was the sovereign power on the prairies the land which is now rapidly selling to farm settlers swarmed with antelope. Now only a few hundreds are left of the hosts.

The antelope of the United States have shared the fate of those of Canada. Except for a few fugitive bands in desert wastes all the wild antelope have disappeared. The greatest herd left on the continent is in Yellowstone park under government protection. Small herds also are flourishing in government parks in Montana and Oklahoma. Antelope are prolific and multiply rapidly under favorable conditions.

The Canadian government has been notified of the decimation of the Swift Current herd by hunters and asked to take immediate steps to save the antelope from extermination.

INSIST ON CLOSED WINDOWS

Antipathy of Europeans to Anything Like Fresh Air Strikes Americans as Astonishing.

The most difficult thing for an American traveling in Europe, outside of England, is to have a window opened in the dining room of a hotel or on a train. I saw an aged French baron at Mentone enter the dining room of a hotel with two valets and a tame waiter who was engaged specially to keep out the slightest draught.

It is pretty warm in the south of France in May and the sun was striking on the glass sides of the dining room, but the baron felt a chill. The waiter went to each window and plugged up imaginary crevices with serviettes and a mallet, but still his patron called out at intervals: "Il y a un courant d'air." The two valets at his side fed him with the choicest tidbits from the table, but he was not satisfied. Just before I left the energetic waiter found a keyhole which had not been used for a quarter of a century and plugged it up.

When I was at the Krupp factory in Essen in May, the chief engineer took me from one building to another in a fine limousine car belonging to one of the directors. It was a very hot day and I suggested that we might have a window opened. The chief engineer tried them all without success, and then spoke to the chauffeur. He said they had never been opened since the car came from the factory. The director had only had it two years, he added.—New York Times.

Testing Values of Wood.

Nine Brazilian woods, tested at the forest products laboratory, at Madison, Wis., to determine their value for furniture, have been found to have the following characteristics: cabreuva, resistance to saw similar to American larch; no stain needed; cedro, resistance to saw similar to Spanish cedar, finish similar to Spanish cedar; embuya, resistance to saw similar to birch, with dark stain would resemble walnut; ipe, resistance to saw similar to greenheart, no stain needed; jacaranda, resistance to saw similar to walnut; jninhy, resistance to saw similar to American elm, could be substituted for mahogany unstained; jequetiba, resistance to saw similar to rock elm, could be stained to imitate mahogany; marfim, resistance to saw similar to greenheart, requires color; peroba, resistance to saw similar to walnut, might be used unstained in place of rosewood.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Misunderstood the Doctor.

Lawrence, age ten, had been slightly ailing for a few days, but not ill enough to affect his appetite seriously.

In his mother's absence, the grandmother had been carefully dieting him, much to his annoyance. Finally, in desperation, Lawrence appealed to the family physician for a list of foods he might safely eat. The physician named a long list of light foods, and Lawrence's joy was unbounded. However, the fates were against him and a "horrible conspiracy" was revealed at the next meal, when he learned that the doctor meant that not all of the list, but only a few articles from the list were to be eaten at one meal. He had anticipated a meal consisting of each and everything the doctor had named.

How can children be taught the right attitude toward servants? Children can best be taught the right attitude toward servants by observing this attitude in their parents, who should treat servants as courteously and as kindly as any other persons. Also, children should not be permitted to give orders to servants, this not being done in the case of other grown persons. In short, it should be made clear that the relation of the children with the servants should be the same as that they have with other grown-ups—friendly, but respectful.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Stories of Great Scouts

By Elmo Scott Watson

©, Western Newspaper Union.

HOW "LIVER-EATIN'" JOHNSON GOT HIS NAME

Among the scouts who were with Gen. Nelson A. Miles, when that officer inflicted his crushing defeat upon the Sioux chief, Crazy Horse, at the battle of Wolf Mountain, Mont., in 1877 was one bearing the strange name of "Liver-Eatin'" Johnson. Johnson was a powerful Norwegian, weighing more than 300 pounds and standing six feet, three inches in his moccasin-clad feet. He had a great shock of golden hair of which he was very proud—so much so, that he refused to wear a hat, and when he went into battle with this golden mane in the wind, he looked like an ancient Norse viking.

Johnson had won his name in a gruesome way. Two stories about this are told, differing slightly in detail, but agreeing in the main facts. One tells how a party of Indians had raided a trading post on the Musselshell River, but were driven off with heavy loss. It is said that Johnson, in a spirit of devilish bravado, cut out the livers of several of the dead warriors and actually ate them.

The other story seeks to justify Johnson's act. A Cheyenne chief had raided and burned Johnson's camp while he was away on a trapping expedition. When he returned and saw the ruins, he swore that he would kill the Cheyenne and eat his liver. Later he made good his threat. Either account may be correct, so far as details are concerned. At any rate, he was ever afterward known as "Liver Eatin'" Johnson.

Johnson's inseparable companion was "X" Beidler of Montana vigilante fame. Beidler disapproved of Johnson's lack of headgear and called him a "yaller-headed injun," because, as he said, "every decent white man wears some sort o' coverin' for his scalp." But Johnson was firm in his convictions, and in the fight with Crazy Horse's Sioux he justified himself—to his own satisfaction, at least.

As Beidler and Johnson charged up the snow-clad slopes of Wolf mountain that morning against entrenched Indians, a bullet cut a furrow through Liver-Eatin's hair, "like a pair of red-hot sheep shears," as he said.

"Now, you see!" he exclaimed to his "pardner." "If I'd had a hat on, it'd bin plumb ruined!"

Little is known of Johnson's later history. He was a scout at Fort Custer 1881, when the young chief Sword Bearer tried to stir up the Crows against the whites and scouted for the troops during that brief war. After that he seems to drop out of history.

Stories of Great Scouts

By Elmo Scott Watson

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"X" BEIDLER, WHO SENT HIS WIFE TO "ROME"

One day in 1869, when the Nile, one of the old-time wood-burning Missouri steamers, stopped near the mouth of Musselshell river in Montana to take on wood, two "woodhawks" came aboard. "Woodhawks" were men who cut firewood and corded it up on the banks of the river to sell to the steamboats. These two men were famous frontier characters, "X" Beidler and "Liver-Eatin" Johnson.

Among the passengers on the Nile was a party of eastern tourists, among them several women who were enjoying for the first time the thrills of being in the wildest "Wild West." They were especially delighted at the appearance of Beidler and Johnson and at once began asking questions of these "picturesque characters," as they called them. The woodhawks were not especially pleased to be treated like a pair of Indians, but said nothing about it. Finally one of the women inquired: "Mr. Beidler, are you married?"

"Yes," replied "X."

"Oh, I would never have guessed it. Is—is your wife, ah—a white woman?"

"Indian," grunted Beidler.

"How delightful! A native of these great plains! Where is she now?"

"Oh, I've sent her to Rome," said the woodhawk.

"To Rome! To be educated? How romantic! Do you mean Rome, Italy?"

"No," answered "X," with a grim smile. "To roam on the prairie!"

The woman stopped asking questions.

Beidler served as a scout with General Miles in the Sioux war of 1876, but he was better known as a vigilante leader in the early Montana mining camp. John X. Beidler was his real name, but he was called "X" Beidler because he always signed his warnings to western "bad men" with the single mysterious letter "X." One such warning was usually enough to make the bad man leave camp.

Later "X" was sheriff of Lewis and Clark county. He once invited the governor of Montana and other state officials to visit his jail and inspect a new steel cage of which he was very proud. The officials came and Beidler took them into the cage.

"Now, dern ye!" he said to his prisoners. "Ye've been edgin' off lately when I was tellin' my stories of the old days an' not listenin' to 'em. Now, I reckon you'll listen."

He kept them there three hours and told them every story he knew!

His Camping Trip.

"I suppose you enjoyed some wonderfully quiet nights while on your camping trip."

"Quiet nothing!" snorted the tired business man. "Between the chirping of the chickens and the ukulele solos of a party of college boys in the next camp I never closed an eye!"

Stories of Great Scouts

By Elmo Scott Watson

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"LONESOME CHARLEY" REYNOLDS, CUSTER'S SCOUT

Many noted scouts served with General Custer during his Indian campaigns, but his favorite of them all was Charles Reynolds, known as "Lonesome Charley." In the early seventies, Reynolds was a hunter for the garrison at Fort Rice, N. D. He was a quiet little man who lived much to himself and preferred to hunt alone, no matter how many hostile Indians were near. Because of his disregard for human companionship, he became known by everyone as "Lonesome Charley."

Reynolds first served under Custer in the exploration of the Yellowstone country in 1873. During his expedition two inoffensive civilians with Custer's command were murdered by the Indians. The next year, while Reynolds was attending a sun dance of the Sioux near Fort A. Lincoln, N. D., he heard a young chief named Rain-in-the-Face boast of the murder of the two men. Charley reported this to Custer and Rain-in-the-Face was arrested and imprisoned. Later he escaped and sent back his now-famous vow of vengeance of the white Custer family.

"Lonesome Charley" was with Custer during the exploration of the Black hills in 1874. When gold was discovered, at Custer's request he rode 150 miles, through a country swarming with hostile Indians to Fort Laramie, Wyo., in 48 hours and gave to the world the first news of the discovery, causing a stampede of miners into that region.

When Custer started on his last campaign against the Sioux in 1876, Reynolds was offered the position of chief guide.

When the Seventh cavalry left the steamer Far West, Reynolds was ill. Capt. Grant Marsh of the Far West tried to persuade him not to go with the expedition since he was in no condition to do any fighting. Reynolds refused.

"I've been waiting and getting ready for this expedition for two years, captain, and I'd rather be dead than miss it," he said earnestly. So he rode away to his death.

When Custer divided his command to attack the Sioux on the Little Big Horn, the scout was sent with Major Reno. The Indians swept down upon Reno and forced him back to the wooded bluffs across the river. "Lonesome Charley" was killed in this retreat. His body was found surrounded by 60 empty cartridge shells. He had died fighting.

Stories of Great Scouts

By Elmo Scott Watson

©, Western Newspaper Union.

CUSTER'S CROW SCOUTS—

There were six of them, these warriors of the Crow or Absaroke nation, who rode with Custer on his last march down the Little Big Horn river in Montana that day in June, 1876. When the leader of the Seventh cavalry asked General Terry for his best Crow scouts in the camp on the Little Rosebud creek, Terry told him he could have Curley, "White Man Runs Him," Hairy Moccasin, "Goes Ahead," Yellow Face and White Swan. The Crows were glad to serve with the famous Indian fighter and they guided him until they located the hostile camp on the Little Big Horn.

When Custer divided his command to attack the village, Yellow Face and White Swan were sent with Major Reno and Custer kept "White Man Runs Him," Curly, "Goes Ahead" and Hairy Moccasin with him. Yellow Face was killed while fighting with Reno, and White Swan was badly wounded, but finally recovered and lived until 1905.

Today Curley is the only survivor of the Custer Crow scouts and, according to his story, he is the last man who saw his commander alive.

After crossing the ridge, Custer turned to "White Man Runs Him," Hairy Moccasin and "Goes Ahead," and said to them: "You have done your duty. You have led me to the enemy. My soldiers will do the fighting. You are to go now and save your lives." The scouts left him and made their way to the pack train under Capt. Tom McDougall.

When Curley returned from Reno's position, he was given the same order. He started and soon found himself in the midst of a hot fight. Finding a dead Sioux warrior, he took his horse, gun and blanket. Wrapping the blanket about his head to conceal his Crow scalplock from the Sioux, Curley succeeded in reaching a high butte. Looking back he saw that Custer had charged down upon the Indians and was surrounded. Curley says that he watched the battle until he saw Custer, who was the last man standing, fall and then he rode away.

The next morning the Crow scout appeared in General Terry's camp. He could not speak English and there was no interpreter. Curley took blades of grass, piled them all in a heap, and then, exclaiming "Pouf! Pouf!" in imitation of the sound of a gun, scattered them wide apart. By means of this he made the officer understand that Custer and all of his men had been killed. Like the famous Greek, Curley the Crow was a messenger of disaster and he brought the first news of this Thermopylae of America—Custer's last fight.

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WHY

Physical Exercise Is Among the Necessities.

Physical exercise is necessary. It is as important as food, fresh air and sleep; without it health is impossible. By "exercise" we mean making movements other than the purposeful movements of ordinary life. Brushing the hair, raising food to the mouth, getting up and sitting down are done for a purpose and are of course exercise of a sort, but we do not do them with the idea of developing our muscles, expanding our chests, or quickening our circulations.

The impulse to take exercise is instinctive in the young. During childhood it finds expression in playing and romping; during youth and early adult life, in sports and athletic contests. It is not necessary to urge young people to take that kind of exercise; rather, it is necessary to utter a word of warning against excess. The young man of the present day is in greater danger of overtaxing his heart and other organs by excess in athletics than he is of letting them spoil for want of sufficient exercise. It is the business man or the professional man who has passed his fortieth birthday that needs exercise and that usually thinks he is too busy to take it.

A favorite argument of the brain worker who is advised to walk, or to play golf, or to take some other form of regular exercise, is that he has exhausted his vitality by brain work, and that the use of his muscles beyond the absolute needs of daily life would exhaust still further his life forces.

That is not so, for the brain is fatigued only because it is fed with blood that circulates sluggishly and that is already so loaded with toxins that it cannot take away those that result from intellectual work. A brisk walk would fill the brain worker's lungs with air, quicken his circulation, oxygenate his blood and unload it of its toxins, squeeze the stagnant lymph out of his muscles, empty his liver of its poisons and quicken all his excretory functions. Then his brain would be bathed with fresh, pure blood, and the "cobwebs" would be washed away. —Youth's Companion.

BACK TO THE LAND MOVEMENT

Why the Checking of the March to the Cities Is Probably Only Temporary.

The tide of population which has been rushing from the country to the city has been temporarily checked; in fact it is receding in the other direction at the present time. Farmers and farm laborers, lured to town by inflated wartime wages, are returning to their rural haunts, now that their source of high living has gone. With them are going unemployed city laborers, largely foreigners, and some city business men who have heard the siren call of the countryside.

This movement, which started with the demobilization of our troops, and was accelerated by the shutting down of "war babies" has received added impetus from the general business slump.

There is undoubtedly a farmward movement. But is it great enough to be significant?

When I discussed this question with the editor of Leslie's I felt that if there was a back-to-the-farm movement, it was not pronounced enough to be important. After considerable investigation in various sections of the country and after receiving facts and opinions from agricultural colleges, farm bureaus and state departments in a dozen states, my original idea has been upheld. The cityward trend may be balanced for the time being by the movement back to the land, but such a condition is for the moment only.

Farming is far from being "the life of Riley" in the year 1921. Many farms are being sold for taxes; mortgage foreclosures are forcing unfortunate farmers to become wage earners; returned farm laborers will find farm wages rather meager after their well-filled city pay envelopes, and some, undoubtedly will move back to town in search of an elusive job, plumbing, and friendly movie palaces. —Andrew S. Wing, in Leslie's.

Hotel Built of Gold.

At Rosamond, on the Mohave desert, in California, is a hotel built by an old miner who "struck it rich."

His gold properties were in the vicinity of Rosamond, and when the miner's wealth accumulated he determined to do something "swagger" for the place, so he reared a structure of rock, and put in the entire front of gold ore from his discoveries. It is a large building and of heavy construction, particularly that part made of the gold-bearing rock. The mines whence this came have been worked out. It is not unlikely that some day, when the building is razed, the rock will be milled and the gold extracted, and it may yield a large amount, because some very rich streaks were encountered, and part of this rock came from these ledges.

MANY EGG GRADE TERMS ARE USED

Almost Hopeless Task for Customer to Make Purchase in Intelligent Fashion.

CONSUMER GUIDED BY PRICE

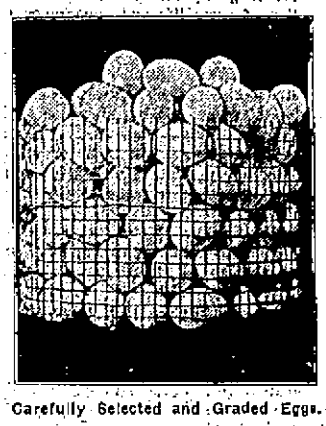
Difficulty Caused by Carelessness or Ignorance on Part of Retailer in Allowing Product to Deteriorate Rapidly.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The customer is often bewildered by the number of grades of eggs offered by the retailer; fresh eggs, strictly western fresh, guaranteed fresh, New York state fresh, fresh gathered nearby, storage eggs, guaranteed good storage, storage firsts, guaranteed extra good storage, and candled storage eggs, may all be found side by side or in nearby stores.

Grades Are Meaningless.

This multiplicity of terms makes it an almost hopeless task for the consumer to buy eggs in any intelligent fashion, say market specialists of the



Carefully Selected and Graded Eggs.

United States Department of Agriculture. As a matter of fact, most of these so-called grades are meaningless. The consumer usually is guided simply by the price asked, assuming that if he pays the top price he will get the best eggs, no matter what the particular retailer may call them. In this he is partly correct, since the wholesalers usually maintain prices closely related to the quality of the eggs which they pass on to the retailers, and the price which they charge them is reflected in the retail price to the consumer.

Retailer at Fault.

The difficulty is that because of carelessness or ignorance on the part of many retailers the eggs which they receive from the wholesalers often deteriorate rapidly while in the store. Thus the retailer frequently receives eggs of good quality, attaches a fancy name to them, and a price in proportion to what he paid, and then lets them deteriorate on his hands, so that they are actually poorer in quality than some cheaper eggs which he may have just received at his store.

Under present conditions the best thing the consumer can do is to avoid buying eggs at stores which are obviously careless in handling them, telling the retailer just why he does not buy eggs at his store. He should also call the attention of the retailer to any bad eggs bought of him. The pressure which can thus be exerted by the consumer can be made an important factor in bringing about a much needed improvement in the handling of eggs by retailers.

REPELLENT KEEPS FLIES OFF

Not Good Practice to Depend on Cow's Tail to Keep Pests Off—Three Formulas Given.

Don't say "shoo, fly," nor depend on Bossy to keep the pest away by means of her tail. Neither is effective. Rather take advantage of sprays which have been found a success.

Below are given three formulas, either of which is recommended by Prof. J. R. Watson, entomologist of the Florida experiment station, to keep almost any kind of flies away from domestic animals:

No. 1:

Laundry soap, one pound; water, four gallons; crude petroleum, one gallon; powdered napthaline, four ounces.

No. 2:

Fish oil, 100 parts; oil of tar, 50 parts; crude carbolic acid, one part.

No. 3:

Laurel oil, one part; linseed oil, ten parts.

No. 1 must be thoroughly emulsified by running it through a spray pump after which it can be sprayed on the animals.

Why Mount From Left Side.

A man mounts a horse from the left side because in the days when a sword was an essential part of a man's dress, and hung at the left side, mounting from the right side would have necessitated taking hold of the scabbard and placing it over the saddle with the hand needed to assist in mounting. By mounting from the left side the sword hung clear and allowed easier action.

Why "Sentence Hymns."

From a practice of earlier days when hymn books were scarce. In order that all the congregation might be able to join in the singing, the pastor would read aloud the first two lines, which were then sung, and the reading and singing would continue alternately to the end of the hymn. This practice is still continued in some of the rural churches of the South.

LIST OF BUILDINGS IN FARM APPRAISAL

Mention Water Supply, Light System, Etc., Separately.

Necessary That New Improvement Costs Be Correctly Inventoried and Depreciation Be Adequately Provided For.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

In making a farm appraisal, each building or improvement, such as water supply, lighting system, etc., should be listed separately, say farm management specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture. It is best not to list separately other land improvements, such as fences, drainage, and the like, but their value should be included in the appraisement of the land so improved.

One of the most perplexing appraisals will be that of the farm buildings and other improvements. The buildings and improvements are bought and sold with the land, and it may often appear difficult to give them a value separate from the land. This is not so difficult as it may seem, and it is of importance that they be separately valued, as only by this means can all the uses of the inventory be realized. Furthermore, this is necessary in order that new building improvement costs be correctly inventoried and depreciation be adequately provided for.

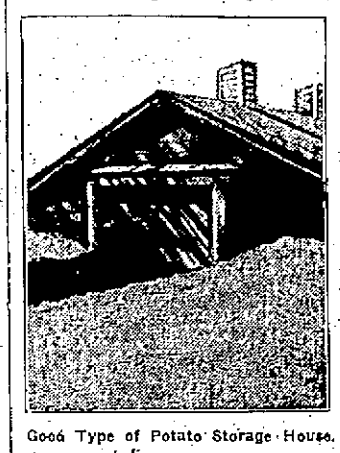
There are two bases which may be employed in appraising buildings and improvements—original cost of construction and estimated cost to replace present prices. In either case allowance should be made for depreciation from the date of erection to the inventory date.

STORED POTATOES NEED AIR

Where Piled to Depth of 10 or 15 Feet Tubers Sure to Go Through Sweating Process.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

It is a bad practice to store potatoes in large bins or piles, the United States Department of Agriculture advises. Not infrequently potatoes are piled to a depth of 10 to 15 feet, the pile being correspondingly large in the other two dimensions. When stored in this manner they are almost certain to go through a rather violent sweating or curing process,



Good Type of Potato Storage House.

during the course of which the tubers in the central portion of the pile are frequently subjected to a dangerously high temperature. This is especially true if the tubers are slightly immature, or were not dry and free from moist soil when gathered, or if stored when the outside temperature is high, making it difficult to lower the inside temperature of the house. Overheating from all of the causes mentioned may be avoided by making some provision for aerating the pile.

HORSES REQUIRE GOOD CARE

Animal in Pain Consumes Half More Feed to Do Same Work—Fit Collar Properly.

Too many farmers fail to realize the bad effect of sore shoulders on horses. A horse that is in pain requires from 30 to 50 per cent more feed to produce a given amount of work without loss of weight. There is no need for an animal to have sore shoulders if the collar is well fitted, the hames are adjusted to pull at the right angle on the shoulders, and the collars are kept clean. Young horses just starting to work should have their shoulders washed with salt and water after work and the mane should be kept out from under the collar when at work. A little care will be well repaid later.—C. L. Bray, Colorado Agricultural College.

DUST BATHS IN HOT WEATHER

Effective Means of Ridding Fowl's Body of Vermin and Provides Enjoyable Exercise.

Don't forget about the dust baths in hot weather. At this season, all that is necessary is to keep a few little spots spaded up quite fine around in shady corners of the yards. Keep them free from stones and clods and lightly sprinkle them with water every noon. Then the fowls can get their bodies down on the cool, moist earth and counteract the effects of the hot afternoon's sun. Besides this, the dust bath is an effective means of ridding the fowl's body of vermin and also provides the fowls with enjoyable exercise.

Why Newpop Was Pleased

The Nurse—You have a fine little daughter. Your wife has named her Pansy. I suppose though, you would have preferred a boy?

Mr. Newpop—On the contrary. I'm tickled to death. A girl can pick a fool name and get away with it. If it had been a boy my wife was going to call it Launcelot.

THE HAT TO WEAR

Styles for Stout, Short, Slender and Other Types.

Stiff Monotonous Edge Not Becoming to Many Persons—Headgear for the Children.

When choosing a hat consider well the following points:

A stout woman, generally speaking, must wear a wider brim than the slender one, since width in the brim and height in the crown will tend to overbalance roundness of the face.

The short, slender woman with a small face should almost never wear a hat with a brim averaging more than three to three and a half inches in width.

The long-faced woman, especially if she is tall, should avoid the tall crowned or tall trimmed hat. She may, however, wear a wider brimmed hat than the short, slender woman.

The tall stout woman is often stunning in a large brimmed hat, because her height makes it possible for her to wear a hat which would make the short, stout woman appear grotesque.

Hats with mushroom brims belong entirely to youth. Downward turning lines in the face are not desirable, and should therefore not be emphasized by downward turning lines in brims or hats.

For the person who wears glasses, hard lines and edges in hats should be studiously avoided. An edge may be softened by a bias fold, a ribbon slightly fulled, or a band of fur.

A hat with a stiff monotonous edge is not likely to be becoming to many persons, especially to those who are no longer young.

The most successful child's hat is the soft, pliable kind which may be pulled down on the head and subjected to more or less rough treatment without very materially injuring its looks and wearing qualities. Stiff, fussy hats have no place in the wardrobe of the child.

For every-day wear, a tam-o-shanter made from old dress skirts, coats, or other woolen materials will serve well.

FUR-TRIMMED MODEL

One of the smart models for fall wear is this blue serge frock. Trimmed with narrow bands of krimmer.

THE TAILORED SPORT WAIST

Severe Shirts are Extremely Smart With Autumn Suits Moulded on Mannish Lines.

Sport waists are mostly of tub fabrics and mannish, severe shirts are extremely smart with autumn sport suits on mannish lines. One blouse is made of striped shirting of the sort that is used for men's custom-made shirts of aristocratic character. The collar, turning over from a neckband, is the very latest thing and nothing could be smarter. A loosely knotted silk cravat, or a sternly mannish four-in-hand will be worn with this collar. Another sport blouse is more feminine and its dainty freshness is most engaging. It is made of tan and white striped linen, with plain white linen collar, cuff and front panel. These sport blouses come also in blue-and-white, green-and-white, and red-and-white stripes.

Blouse Popular.

The popular jumper dress has created an unusual demand for the net guimpe blouse, and many of the shops are featuring extensive displays where women can pick up pretty models at exceptionally low prices. Among these the round collar seems to be prominent and it is quite noticeable that these blouses and guimpes are cut higher at the neck than we have worn them for some time. This may be a forerunner of the high neck closing that have been accepted by Paris and will, in all probability, soon be adopted by us, not because we like it, but because we must be in style.

First Aid.

"Can you recommend a reliable bootlegger?"

"I know one who is strictly up to date."

"In what particular?"

"He operates a private ambulance service."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

FREE OF BUTTONS OR BELT

Neither button nor belt confines this jacket. A broad band of sealskin trims the high collar and the broad, flaring sleeves. The jacket is latched at the throat.

THE OLD SWEATER MADE NEW

Ravel Out Passe Garments, Cleanse Wool and Make New Articles for Cold Weather.

A well-made worsted sweater will last years and years; but styles in sweaters change rapidly nowadays and long before the garment you knitted with infinite pains has worn out, its lines and style have become passe. It is always a pity to waste good wool, and in half a morning you can ravel out the passe garment, rewind the wool, and make ready to start a new sweater. Or you can turn your old sweater into a scarf or a pretty bed-jacket.

Do not attempt to knit the new sweater until you have soaked the worsted to get the kink out of it. Crinkled-up worsted will not make a smooth, beautiful knitted surface and it pays to prepare your worsted carefully before you start. As you ravel out the wool, wind it over a chairback to make a good-sized skein; and make each skein as full as you can; it is always a pity to break or knot worsted. Be sure and tie the skein firmly at both ends with a bit of worsted or white string. If you do not do this you may get into a sad snarl with your wet wool.

Lay the skein in a basin of tepid water; press it down well until it is thoroughly wet; then squeeze out the water and hang the skein to dry in the open air but never in strong sunshine. Cut away the tied string at the lower end of the hanging skein and loosen the strands of worsted to hasten the drying process. Your worsted will dry overnight, or in a few hours outdoors on a bright day. When it is quite dry, stretch the skeins over a chairback and wind the wool into neat balls.

FASHION NOTES IN BRIEF

A favored Parisian combination is purple and cerise.

The Spanish sailor will be extremely good this fall.

Large fur cuffs on the new wrappy coat serve as a muff.

Filet is a very pretty and appropriate trimming for undergarments.

A feature much talked of for fall is the shoulder-to-hem panel at the back.

Satin hats are appearing. Those in the new fall designs are in all-black and sometimes in circ finish.

Fur and ostrich are used quite extensively in trimming many of the handsomer evening and dinner gowns.

Georgette continues to be the most used fabric for blouses, playing a strong role both in the elaborate and dressy models and trimmings are just about as varied as they well can be.

Black has not invaded the wool fabric field to the extent that it has the silk field, and especially when sports or semi-sports frocks are under consideration bright colors seem to be in high favor.

French Evening Wraps.

The Spanish influence, of which the shawl is but one reflection, is transferring itself to evening wraps in gay Paris. French ladies are taking the Spanish designs and the Oriental designs and combining them to make some of the best-looking wraps that have been devised for many a long day. Women are accustomed to regard their evening wraps as the most colorful of their adornments, and, by this new development of fashion, they will lose not a jot in regard to smart and becoming embellishment.

Spanish Combs Worn.

Reports that hats and gowns will be reminders of old Spain have come as good news to the manufacturers of Spanish combs. After a tremendous sale of these studded combs last fall there was a sudden falling off in trade which left many manufacturers with large stocks on hand. They are dusting them off now and adding more elaborately designed ones to their samples.

The Ready Answer.

A schoolboy answering the question, "What was the Sherman act?" replied, "Marching through Georgia."

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

HOW

THE G. A. R. MEMBERSHIP IS RAPIDLY FADING AWAY. —Figures compiled at the national headquarters of the Grand Army of the Republic show that at the annual national encampment held in Indianapolis in September more than 10,000 of the Civil war veterans who attended the encampment of 1920 were counted among the missing, as the ranks have been depleted to this extent through the last year.

Total membership of the G. A. R. today is 95,155, while its membership in 1920 was 103,253.

Total membership is scattered among 4,445 posts in every state. Ohio, with 10,241, has the largest membership, with Pennsylvania second with 9,122; New York third, 8,795; Illinois fourth, 6,868; Indiana fifth, 5,940; Massachusetts sixth, 5,856. No other states have 5,000 or more members. Members in the old Confederate states total approximately 2,200.

The G. A. R. was organized in Illinois in the spring of 1866. By July, 1866, there were 40 posts in Illinois, representatives of which met in convention and organized the state department. Posts were organized in other states, resulting in the first national encampment being held in Indianapolis November 20, 1866. Ten states were represented at this encampment, 21 states in 1867, 24 in 1868, 37 in 1869, having 2,050 posts.

In 1890, reports taken as authentic declare that the membership was 409,489, the highest mark recorded. From 1878 to 1890 the growth was rapid, being from 12,000 to 85,000 annually. Since 1890 the decline has been constant, except for a 3,000 gain in 1900, said to be due to prospects of favorable pension legislation. The membership of late years is as follows: 169,863 (1915); 149,074 (1916); 135,931 (1917); 120,016 (1918); 110,357 (1919); 103,253 (1920); 95,155 (1921).

The 1920 national encampment voted to meet every year as long as a single member survived. Brig. Gen. John L. Clem, addressing the Army and Navy club, Washington, maintains he is the youngest G. A. R. member. He is seventy-one years old, having enlisted as a drummer boy when eleven years old. The question of who is the oldest member always brings up hundreds of claimants and no reliable record has been obtained.

DECORATION OF CELLULOID

How Poker Chips, Combs and Other Articles Can Be Ornamented in Color.

Articles of celluloid can be decorated by using colored solutions of celluloid dissolved in glacial acetic acid or amyl acetate. If the article to be decorated is ivory-white, the celluloid used for the solution should be dissolved in amyl acetate, which is another name for the so-called "banana oil."

To prepare the article, three parts of paraffin and one part of white wax are melted at a low temperature, and either painted or flowed over the surface to be worked upon. The design is then transferred to the wax coating; this is done by making the design on tracing paper and transferring it to the wax by following the outline with the point of a pencil or stylus, leaving the design indented in the wax. After removing the transfer the wax is scraped from the parts to be colored with a sharp-pointed instrument, broad spaces being freed of wax with a sharp penknife. If several colors or shades are to be used, only the lines for one color are cut and that color applied; these lines are then covered over with wax before the next color to be used is applied. To prepare the colors, small cuttings of colored celluloid are dissolved in either of the above-mentioned chemicals, using small wide-mouthed bottles. If colored celluloid is not obtainable, aniline dyes dissolved in alcohol can be added.

After the work has been completed, the wax can be easily removed from the article by rubbing with a soft rag and gasoline.—Bertha G. Morey, Ottumwa, Ia., in Popular Mechanics.

Why a Match Cost $300.

It cost a ranchman in the San Isabel national forest, 15 miles southwest of Canon City, Colo., nearly $300 for the pleasure of throwing a burning match, after lighting his pipe, among the dry leaves and starting a miniature forest fire. The man, whose name is withheld at the request of the forest officials, is said to have made no attempt to extinguish the blaze until it had got beyond his control. Forest Ranger J. J. Lowell, at Wetmore, 20 miles away, saw the smoke, hastened to the scene and with great effort succeeded in getting the fire under control and thus averting what threatened to be a most destructive forest fire.

How to Plant Fruit Trees.

Dynamite is being used very extensively all over the United States in planting fruit trees, says the American Forestry Magazine. Some of the largest nurseries advocate it and some of the most prominent commercial orchards are using the method exclusively in new plantings.

Veteran Tortoise Still Lays.

A tortoise belonging to a South African museum, which died in 1920, had been under observation since 1834, when it was already of gigantic size and of unknown age. A female tortoise belonging to the same museum has been known since 1843. It still lays eggs.

Historical and Genealogical Notes and Queries

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1921

QUERIES.

10525. FAULKNER—What is the parentage of Samuel Faulkner, born March 14, 1765 and married Eleanor Thomas, who was born December 14, 1765. I think possibly his father's name was Samuel, but am not positive.—E.M.R.

10526. BARLOW—Can some one give me the vital record of the following persons:

OBED BARLOW, born about 1750, resided in Newport in 1838.

LEVI BARLOW, brother of Obed Barlow.

SOLOMON NYE BARLOW, son of Levi Barlow.

ANNA BARLOW, daughter of Obed Barlow.—C.G.C.

10527. CORNELL—What is the ancestry of Pardon Cornell. His wife, Candace Otis, died April 11, 1830, and is buried in Thone Hill Cemetery, Onondaga Co., N. Y. On her tombstone the inscription reads that she was the wife of Pardon Cornell who died in the city of Newport on the 21st day of October, 1827, aged 42 years, 9 months and one day." Aside from that, all that is known is that he had a brother named William whose wife's given name was Jane and who lived and died in the vicinity of Skeanateles Village, N. Y., and that he died at the home of a cousin, Jennie Buckout, in Newport. Candace Otis was a descendant of Roger Williams through the Winsors, being a Baptist minister in Smithfield, R. I.—C.C.E.

NOTES

1791

This year several wealthy merchants of Providence procured a charter, and established a bank there; it was called the Providence Bank; it went into operation in October, and was the first that was established in the State.

Gov. Hancock of Massachusetts arrived in Newport on a visit.

1792

A great excitement prevailed this year in Narragansett, occasioned by the discovery of a dead body in the woods, who was supposed to have been murdered. It was thought to have been the remains of a person named Mowry, from East Greenwich, who was missing; two men who were last seen in his company were arrested and confined for several months in Newport jail, and finally discharged for want of proof. Mowry afterwards returned, to the great chagrin of several persons who had taken an active part in the matter.

The General Assembly incorporated a company this year for building a bridge at Howland's Ferry.

Nicholas Brown, Esq., of Providence presented to the Rhode Island College a Law Library.

1793

A distressing accident occurred on the 9th of February. A packet boat belonging to Wickford, on her way to Newport, was upset near the Gull Rocks and three men drowned.

The General Assembly at their May session passed an act permitting Theatrical Exhibitions in Newport, subject to the direction of the town council.

The first circuit court for Rhode Island was held at Newport this year. Judge Wilson presided.

This year Messrs. Harper and Placide of the Boston Theatre leased from the Town of Newport the upper, or Granary, part of the building known as the Brick Market, which they fitted up at a great expense as a theatre. The first theatrical performance took place on the 24th of June, with the tragedy of Jane Shore etc. and dancing on the tight rope by Messrs. Placide and Trouch.

1794

The Schooner Polly, Capt. Samuel Jeffer, arrived at Newport in April from Cape Francois; the Polly was captured soon after leaving port, by a piratical Bermuda privateer, who took out all hands but the Master and Mate, and put on board a Prize Master and three men and ordered her for Bermuda. Capt. Jeffers, when near Bermuda, with the assistance of his mate, re-took his vessel and put the Prize Master and crew in irons, and succeeded in bringing his vessel safely into port.

The celebrated Count d'Estaing, who commanded the French fleet at the time of Sullivan's expedition on Rhode Island, was guillotined on the 3d of May at Paris, on a charge of conspiracy.

1795

The British ship of war, Africa, of 64 guns, Capt. Home, and the Thesba, of 32, arrived at Newport in March and anchored in the West Passage.

Much excitement was occasioned in Newport by the conduct of Captain Home of the Africa, who detained one of the New York packets off Point Judith, for the purpose of taking out of her the late French minister, M. Fauchet. M. Fauchet had taken passage for Newport, but being apprised of the intention, stopped at Stonington and proceeded by land.

At the October session of the General Assembly an act was passed incorporating the President, Directors and Company of the Bank of Rhode Island.

A boat builder's shop on the Long Wharf in Newport was burnt on the 4th of November.

Col. Simeon Potter of Bristol made a donation of a dwelling house and two lots of land to the trustees of the Long Wharf in Newport.

1796

The bridge which was erected at Howland's Ferry during the last year, to connect the Island of Rhode Island with the mainland, was carried away during a freshet on the 17th of January.

Major John Breese, formerly of the British army, was appointed this year His Brittanic Majesty's Vice Consul for Rhode Island.

In July a seaman named Oliver C. Beer, of Newport, returned home after an absence of nearly four years. During part of the time he had been a captive among the natives of the Marquesas Islands; he, being a seaman, belonging to a Boston ship, was sent in a tender manned by ten men for the purpose of trade to Queen Charlotte Island, when the vessel was boarded by the natives and all the crew but Beer barbarously murdered. He remained as a slave to one of the chiefs for thirteen months, when two American ships having stopped at the Island and being apprised of his captivity, succeeded in releasing him by detaining some of the chiefs on board, until he was given up.

The bridge at Howland's Ferry was rebuilt and finished in September.

Barque Endeavor—This year a vessel under French colors, belonging to Dunkirk, from a whaling voyage, put in to Newport, in consequence of the war between England and France. This vessel was the identical bark, Endeavor, which was commanded by Captain James Cook, and sailed from England in 1768, for the South Seas, having on board Sir Joseph Banks and Dr. Solander, for the purpose of observing the transit of Venus over the Sun's disk, which took place on the 4th of June, 1769. After making their observations at Otaheite, Capt. Cook proceeded South, and after making many discoveries, returned by way of the Cape of Good Hope to England, in 1771.

(This vessel after lying several years at one of the wharves was broken up).

1797

There was a remarkable cold spell of weather the first part of January of this year; the thermometer in Newport standing from five above zero to five below for several days.

On the 11th of February a boat from Block Island was overset by a flaw of wind, near the Island, and four men drowned.

On the 19th of April, a smart shock of an earthquake was felt in Rhode Island.

A singular affair took place in Newport harbor on the 7th of June. As Samuel Dunwell and several others were returning from fishing, passing Castle Hill, their boat was struck by a large fish, which lifted her bows out of the water, and forced her back at the rate of three knots; he then let go and seized the boat again a little abaft and tore a number of streaks off the laps; he gradually slipped aft, lifting the boat almost out of the water; the boat leaked so much that it was with great difficulty that they reached the shore.

A fire took place in Newport on the 16th of August which consumed part of Brinley's Rope Walk.

A distressing accident took place in Newport on the 26th of August. John Gibbs, aged 16, the second son of George Gibbs, Esq., was instantly killed by the accidental discharge of a fowling piece, while gunning.

Rev. Theodore Dehon of Boston was this year chosen minister of Trinity Church in Newport.

1799-1800

An insurance Company, with a capital of one hundred thousand dollars, was organized this year; it was called the Newport Insurance Company.

At the June session of the General Assembly a bill was introduced for the establishment of free schools. 500 copies of the bill was ordered to be printed and distributed throughout the State. The bill was postponed to the next session.

The Brig Experience, of Charleston, S. C., arrived at Newport on the 14th of June from Campeachy, she had been captured by a British ship of war, and a Prize Master and ten men on board. Two men and a boy of the crew who had been left on board, seized an opportunity and retook the vessel which they brought safe into port.

The fort at Brenton's Point having been completed, it was with great ceremony (by consent of the Secretary of War) named by Major Tourrard the Engineer, Fort Adams.

The mournful intelligence of the death of General George Washington, late President of the United States, was received in Newport on Sunday morning, the 22nd of December. The bells were tolled during the whole of that and the following day; the stores were shut and a total suspension of business took place.

Gen. George Washington died at his seat at Mount Vernon on the 21st of December, in the 68th year of his age. His disorder was the quincy.

1800

On the 6th of January a grand funeral service took place at Newport in memory of Washington. It consisted of firing of minute guns from sunrise to sunset, a parade of two companies of United States troops, and the Newport Artillery and Newport Guards, the whole under the command of Major Daniel Jackson of the United States Army, who escorted a funeral procession to Trinity Church, where an oration was delivered by Major Daniel Lyman.

Dr. David King commenced practice in Newport this year.

The General Assembly passed a law to establish free schools.

By a vote of the town of Newport, the streets known as Queen and Ann streets, together with the walk leading to the State House, was ordered to be called Washington Square.

A duel took place near Philadelphia, between the Hon. Christopher Grant Champlin of Rhode Island and the Hon. James Bayard of Delaware, which resulted in Mr. C. being wounded in the cheek near the mouth, and Mr. B. was shot in the right thigh. The parties were then, by the interposition of the seconds, reconciled. The duel originated in some remarks on the floor of Congress in which Mr. Bayard spoke so diminutively of the State of Rhode Island as to offend Mr. Champlin, who thought the honor and dignity of the State implicated.

Gen. Alexander Hamilton arrived in Newport and inspected the forts in the harbor.

Oliver Farnsworth commenced a newspaper in Newport called The Guardian of Liberty.

Dr. Horace Center commenced practice in Newport this year.

This year party spirit ran high and the parties under the names of Federal and Republican contended for supremacy.

Dr. B. W. Case commenced practice in Newport.

(To be continued)

Power Cannot Be Resisted.

No receptacle has ever been made with sufficient strength to resist the bursting power of frozen water.

EVENTS OF OTHER DAYS

Copied from the Files of the Mercury

Cold Winter of 1780—About the first of January a period of severe cold commenced; during forty days even on the south and sunny side of buildings in warm situations, there were no indications of a thaw. The light and dry snow drifted and eddied with incessant motion of the wind; paths if opened were immediately filled up and communications were entirely interrupted; Narragansett Bay remained frozen over for six weeks, and the ice extended from the shores as far as the eye could see. The inhabitants of Newport experienced the greatest distress for fuel. Wood could not be had and they were obliged to resort to wharf logs, old buildings and every other expedient to keep themselves from perishing.

Hon. Daniel Webster has been elected by the Legislature of Massachusetts a Senator in Congress for six years from the 4th of March next.—Mercury, Jan. 18, 1845.

The House of Representatives passed an act this morning to liberate Thomas Dorr, on condition that he go before the Supreme Court and take the oath of allegiance to the State.—Mercury, Jan. 1845.

An Execution—On June 1, 1780, a Sergeant of the French Artillery was executed at the south part of Newport in presence of the whole army, who were drawn up in a hollow square, for the occasion. The criminal, on being brought to the place of execution, had his right arm cut off and burned by the executioner. He was then hanged. His crime was attempting to murder his officer.

The Mercury of January 4, 1845, gives a full and correct list of all the newspapers published in New England and says "the number is 270. Enough in all conscience to keep the people advised of the ways of the world and the wickedness of man."

December Lightning.—The barn of Giles Miner, near New London, was struck by lightning about 2 o'clock Monday afternoon and a colt standing within it was instantly killed. Several persons had just left the barn, leaving only a son of Mr. Miner, who was prostrated by the shock.—Mercury, January 4, 1845.

Death of Col. Greene and Major Flagg—On the 14th of May, 1781, about daybreak, a body of the enemy, consisting of about two hundred infantry and sixty horse of Dr. Lanoy's refugee corps, surprised a part of the Rhode Island regiment that were quartered at a place called Pine Bridge, on Croton River, in the State of New York. They forded the river and coming down in the rear, commenced the attack by firing into the houses and cutting down the men before they could form. Among the killed were the brave Col. Christopher Greene, who commanded the regiment, and Major Ebenezer Flagg, of Newport, both of whom had been greatly distinguished by their gallant defense of Red Bank.

More of Rum's Doings.—On the 23d ult., as Mr. Peleg Almy, a young man who teaches school at Four Corners, was passing by the house of Joseph Wilcox on his way to the schoolhouse, he was attacked by Wilcox, while under the influence of delirium tremens, who gave him a full blow with a broad ax, which struck the lower muscles of the neck, below the ear, and prostrated him. His life was saved by the thickness of his coat collar.—Mercury, Feb. 1, 1845.

Mr. Aaron Lopez, who previous to the Revolution, had been the first merchant in New England, being on his return to Newport from Leicester, Mass., where he had resided during the War, was unfortunately drowned in a place called Scott's Pond near Providence, on the 28th of May, 1782, aged 57.

Major General Greene arrived at his residence in Newport, later the house of Gov. Gibbs, on the 25th of November, 1783. A committee appointed by the Town waited upon him with a congratuatory address, to which he made a suitable reply. The General Assembly being in session they present an address to Gen. Greene, congratulating him on his return to his native State.

Congress issued a proclamation for the different States to set apart the 2nd Thursday of December, 1783, as a day of Thanksgiving and Praise, for the successful close of the War of the Revolution.

A boy in Lowell, whose father sells liquor, attempted while in a state of intoxication to kill his mother. He says he will not quit drinking till his father stops selling.—Mercury, 24, 1846.

The ship Hope, of this Port, arrived at New Bedford on Saturday. She took a whale, since doubling Cape Good Hope, which stowed down 145 barrels sperm oil. This is the largest sperm whale on record. Mercury, March 1, 1845.

Repeal of the Charter of the City of Newport—A petition was presented to the General Assembly May 1, 1787, from one hundred and four persons residing in Newport, praying that the Charter belonging to the town of Newport, for incorporating the same into a city, might be amended and vacated. The petition was opposed by upwards of four hundred of the citizens, but the Legislature, notwithstanding, repealed the Charter, in defiance of the wishes of the great majority of the inhabitants. The real case for the repeal of the charter was that the corporation had undertook the defense of a suit brought by Nicholas Easton, Esq., against Giles Sanford, for a trespass in carrying gravel from Easton's Beach, in which action the plaintiff set up an exclusive right to the premises. The cause, by an agreement of the parties was submitted to three disinterested gentlemen, viz., Lieutenant-Governor and three judges of the Supreme Court of Connecticut, who, after a full hearing unanimously determined that the said disputed premises, with all the privileges thereof, should remain to the City of Newport for their common use forever. Mr. Easton, being dissatisfied with the award, had influence enough with the General Assembly to procure a repeal of the City charter, and also obtained a new trial. He finally made a compromise with the Town, by which he was allowed the seaweed on the Beach and the Town was to have the marsh grass, sand and gravel.—Mercury, May 3, 1845.

Nothing Is Secret.

For nothing is secret, that shall not be made manifest; neither anything hid, that shall not be known and come abroad.—St. Luke 8:17.

SPANISH TANG STICKS TO CITY

San Antonio Is Mixture of Old Spain and Mexico, and Hustling America of Today.

ALAMO, SHRINE OF TEXAS

Scene of Recent Disastrous Flood Famed in Story and Legend—Once Spanish Town Now Hustling Thriving Metropolis.

Washington, D. C.—San Antonio, Texas, scene of the latest destructive flood in the United States, is the subject of the following bulletin issued from the Washington, D. C., headquarters of the National Geographic society.

"San Antonio is an intimate mixture of old Spain and Mexico, and the hustling American of today," says the bulletin. "It began its life in 1718 as a tiny Spanish military settlement—'El Presidio de San Antonio de Bexar.' But that leisurely name officially lost most of its trimmings when the town became an American community, and to many who have known it best—including O. Henry—it has taken on the unofficial cognomen, 'Samantone.'

Losing Its Foreign Flavor.

"A hundred years ago San Antonio was almost entirely Spanish and Mexican. Fifty years ago it could be considered only half American. Then the railroads came to quicken its life, the rich 'cow country' round about was developed, and a few far-sighted business men woke up to the fact that it was situated without competitors in the very center of a territory that would need unmeasured supplies. Since that time San Antonio has grown its forest of sky-scrapers and factory chimneys like scores of its fellow American cities. Approaching the 200,000 mark, and with a greater population than that during the winter tourist season, it leads all other cities in Texas though it is closely approached by Dallas and Houston. An observer set down suddenly on Commerce or Texas street might easily imagine himself in Syracuse, Atlanta, Memphis, Dayton or any one of a dozen other cities of a similar size.

"As it has grown, San Antonio has lost most of its exotic flavor; but touches of old Spain and Mexico are still to be found if one searches for them. A few of the narrow, winding streets of the old days are left with sidewalks on which two pedestrians can hardly pass. Iron-barred windows are to be seen behind which coy senoritas have stood as Spanish or Mexican youths 'played the beau.' Grated doors and gates in yard-thick walls of the mission days hint at mystery. Those who like the peppery dishes of Latin American may find them of a quality not equaled outside the City of Mexico and a few of the larger cities of the southern republic.

"And in the center of the town, strolling down ordinary business streets, one comes suddenly upon the historic Alamo, the 'Thermopylae of America.' There in Texas' war for independence from Mexico, 179 American frontiersmen held off for ten days a Mexican army of 6,000 until the last defender was killed. It is a battered old building raised by the hands of Franciscan monks 203 years ago as an outpost of the Christian religion among the Indians. Because of the part it played in their war of independence it is a sacred shrine to all Texans.

"A string of four other missions extending for fifteen or twenty miles down the San Antonio river represented, with the Alamo and the Presidio and the village of San Antonio, all that there was of civilization in that part of Texas 200 years ago. Automobile buses now whisk tourists over the 'mission loop' and they clamber over the crumbling walls and halt over the liquid Spanish names—Purisima Conception, San Jose, San Francisco de la Espada, and San Juan Capistrano.

River Hidden by Business Buildings.

"A visitor to San Antonio could hardly imagine destruction from the San Antonio river. He might even maintain that the city has no river at all, only a creek. In the forest of modern business buildings the river is as effectively hidden as is the Genesee in Rochester. The San Antonio rises practically within the city limits, gushing full grown from rocky fountains. Its narrow bed has been paved, and it meanders sluggishly through the city for all the world like a medium-sized irrigation ditch. In a stroll through the business district one will cross the little stream half a dozen times in going less than a score of blocks.

"San Antonio's little river has always added a picturesque touch to the city. Throughout the business district the banks of the wall-confined stream have been parked, and groups pause constantly on the many little bridges to admire the sloping, close-cropped lawns set with flower beds and shaded by tall, deep green clumps of banana trees."

Has the Earth a Steel Core?

Because the ocean is fluid while the solid crust of the earth resists deformation by the gravitational forces of the sun and moon, tides are produced. Dr. Miller, of the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada, has stated that the fact the earth does not yield to tidal forces proves that the interior of the earth cannot be liquid, since the thickest crust would be deformed by tidal movements. He suggests the center of the earth must be solid and strong as steel, and volcanoes and the high temperature in deep mines are due to the presence of a thin molten layer between the center and the outer crust.

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OLD AND PLEASANT CUSTOM

As This Writer Points Out, the Practice of Kissing Has Much to Recommend It.

Kissing is an established custom in all countries inhabited by white people who refrain at times from eating onions. It is a practice that insures the longevity and universal distribution of germ life and encourages the habit of matrimony.

Some one who didn't know much about kissing said years ago that stolen kisses are sweetest. The opinion is still quoted, but all persons who have had any experience of kissing know better. A kiss is never wholly satisfactory unless the kisser and the kissee show an equal degree of enthusiasm.

Kissing a pretty girl does not afford the unalloyed bliss it is commonly supposed to afford. If she has never been kissed before, her performance is crude and lifeless and, therefore, a little bit disappointing, and if she has been kissed too often she displays a degree of technique that robs the kiss of its flavor. In the old days the flavor of a kiss was imaginary; you couldn't taste anything but girl. But frequently the modern girl's kiss has the stale and unprofitable flavor of rouge. Some day a shrewd manufacturer will put out a line of rouge in all the popular flavors—vanilla, strawberry, lemon and the like—and then each girl can offer her young man the flavor he prefers. —Baltimore Evening Sun.

Russian Musician Makes Noise.

Charles Henry Meltzer, the American critic, writing from Europe, where he is in touch with European musical movements, in an article published in the Forum magazine, says of Igor Stravinsky that he "is today the most discussed, most advertised, most detested and most eulogized of musicians. To some he seems another Bach or Berlioz. By others he is viewed as an impostor. In London and in Paris his more recent works are being lauded to the skies, and torn to tatters. And, on the strength of the abuse which has been heaped upon him, his noisy worshipers have founded a new cult."

Of Stravinsky's opera, "The Rite of Spring," Mr. Meltzer says:

"Some of the folk-songs, which were freely used, impressed one, although trite, by their strange character. But these were incidents in an amazing work which sought to shock, distress and terrify the ear. The 'tonal values' juxtaposed by the composer were at times so awful that they recalled the noises of a modern boiler factory. The players banged on the percussion instruments. The wood-winds and the brass blasphemed to heaven. The strings let loose weird floods of anarchy. The effect was Bolshevistic, brutal, bestial."

Japanese and Americans.

American life is realistic, utilitarian, epicurean, more inclined toward comedy than tragedy, rational, and, above all, a life of common sense. Japanese life, on the contrary, is eccentric, sentimental and essentially pessimistic.

Japanese life is local, provincial, insular. It is in no way international. One proof of this is that when the country people come to town it is usually possible to tell from the patterns of their clothes, the stripes in them and from their methods of speaking just what particular part of the country they come from. In America no one can tell a country person from anyone else.

The fourfold division of society—samurai, farmer, artisan and merchant—which prevailed from early days in Japan has so stamped the members of each group with class individualities that even today it is very easy to tell to which hereditary rank a person belongs.—Atsushi Matsuzawa, in the Japan Advertiser.

CLIMBS PEAK 500 TIMES

Guide Registers Record Number of Ascents of Mount Hood in Oregon.

Hood River, Oregon.—A remarkable record in northwestern mountaineering has been set by Mark Weygandt, upper valley homesteader and guide, who made his 500th registered ascent of Mount Hood with a party.

Mr. Weygandt has escorted more than 2,000 persons up the mountain, among them scientists and folk of note from all parts of the world. He has piloted more than 225 to the summit this season.

Mr. Weygandt is forty-four years old. He made his first ascent when he was twenty-four. He expects to continue his profession, as the availability of the snow peak through the construction of better roads has caused a great increase in climbers.

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